THE Nation

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The Shape of Things

THE SCIENTIFIC AND TECHNICAL COMMITTEE of the United Nations Atomic Energy Commission has issued a report as illuminating to the layman as to those intrusted with devising means of keeping our world safe from atomic war. For a moment the shadow of Hiroshima is lifted, and we catch a glimpse of the vast potentialities of atomic energy in a world without bombs. The highly readable document presents a clear picture of the processes by which nuclear fuels and radioactive products are extracted from the two basic materials, uranium and thorium. It reaches the important conclusion that technical safeguards are possible to prevent fissionable materials from being diverted from peaceful to war-time uses. But it insists that such safeguards must be applied at every stage of the process from mine to atomic-fuel installations. The later stages are obviously the most dangerous and require the most rigorous supervision to prevent the diversion of nuclear material. Not only has the material reached a high degree of U-235 concentration, but the installations needed to make bombs from nuclear fuel are comparatively small and require only a limited, highly trained personnel for their operation. At this stage clandestine activities would be most difficult to detect. The committee deliberately excludes questions of the political feasibility of the necessary safeguards. But its line of reasoning leads directly to the acceptance of the main findings of the Lilienthal-Acheson and Baruch reports. The free exchange of scientific information and the close consultation of nuclear scientists may, as the committee suggests, aid in detecting possible clandestine activities. But nothing short of an over-all international Authority with full control over all atomic-energy development will provide adequate safeguards. It is to be hoped that the Soviet representative on the U. N. Atomic Energy Commission, who gave his assent to the technical report, will join with the other commission members in recognizing its much wider implications.

*

TODAY, WHEN A KING RETURNS FROM EXILE it's news—and not too good news at that. It can hardly be said that George II's return to Greece brings to a martyred people the fulfilment of hopes raised by the often-repeated war aims of the Allies. For in his name the days of the Metaxas terror have been restored. Former fascist leaders and Nazi collaborators direct the monarchist gendarmerie and vigilantes in their war of extermination against all Greeks who persist in their belief in freedom. UNRRA supplies are withheld from the wives and children of peasants who have fled to the mountains. Anti-malaria planes are commandeered to hunt down political refugees. Liberal and left leaders are deported to concentration camps in Greek islands, their lives at the mercy of monarchist jailers. The harvest stands ungathered because the peasants have fled from the terror. All plans for economic rehabilitation are suspended. And on the northern frontiers of Thrace and the Epirus, guerrilla bands infiltrate from Bulgaria and Albania, to provide the rightists with the pretext that their actions are in defense of Greek soil. It is too much to expect that George II will emerge as a heroic liberal figure who would bind up the wounds of his nation and actively support the rebuilding of democracy. His past record contains no sign of political enlightenment. But at least those outside powers who engineered his return should insist that he call off his supporters from their savage depredations, that he restore civil liberties, and that he widen his government to permit an infusion of liberal elements. It is also fair to insist that, in keeping with Stalin's recent assurances, the pro-Soviet states to the north desist from their pressure on the frontier and give the Greek people a chance to begin their long, painful march back to freedom.

*

CHARLES DE GAULLE'S UNCOMPROMISING opposition to the new French draft constitution places squarely upon him the responsibility for dividing France into two bitterly antagonistic groups. His speech at Epinal last Sunday was an example of the iniquitous policy of bloc-building, which is undermining the chances of real peace between nations, applied on a national scale. The man who symbolized "unity among Frenchmen" and who still protested at Epinal that he belongs neither to the right nor the left, has become the undisputed leader of French reaction. Having renounced the support of the M. R. P., which not only voted for the draft constitution but had a large hand in its preparation, De Gaulle must turn henceforth for support to the Parti Républicain de la Liberté and to the Cagoulards

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who have succeeded in entrenching themselves in the French army. Instead of fulfilling the roll he originally assigned himself—that of national conciliator ready to use his great moral influence to weld together opposing parties and factions—he has chosen to become the chief of the very faction that today is rallying the former Vichy forces against the Resistance. *The Nation*, which firmly supported De Gaulle when the General was leading France's fight for liberation, is sorry to see him in this new and tragic role.

✶

INSIDE INFORMATION FROM CHINA CASTS grave doubt on Nanking's claims of great victories in its recent anti-Communist drive. Kuomintang losses in the past six weeks of fighting are estimated to be in the neighborhood of 130,000, or 15 per cent of the combat effectives at Chiang's disposal. This figure is accounted for by large-scale desertions and the surrender of several important units. Communist losses are not known, but they are believed to be much lighter because there have been few desertions and no instances in which whole units have gone over to the enemy. Chou En-lai, second-ranking Communist leader, is quoted as saying that the American arms captured will equip three Communist divisions. American correspondents have also reported noticing an increasing amount of Lend-Lease material in the hands of Yenan soldiers. Although the Kuomintang troops, aided by American arms and planes, have succeeded in taking a number of important cities, including the Communist base of Hwaiyin in North Kiangsu, the Communists, through their greater mobility and the support received from the peasants, have constantly harassed the flanks of the Kuomintang columns with a success not generally reported in the American press. The pattern is a familiar one in China. Anti-Communist liquidation campaigns were invariably "successful" during the early 1930's. If the recent campaigns have yielded no greater results than the above information suggests, the present moment would seem a propitious one for renewed American pressure for all-round political and military settlement.

✶

PRESIDENT TRUMAN DESERVES THE SUPPORT of every American citizen in his firm stand against the lifting of meat ceilings. That the meat shortage is caused by a strike of packers and cattle growers against OPA regulations is so obvious a fact that the public should have no difficulty in fixing the blame. But with Republicans and Democrats alike seeking to make political capital out of the shortage, a forthright statement by the President was necessary to allay misunderstandings. Moreover, the statement should help in alleviating the shortage. For in serving notice that there would be no change in government policy, that the present ceilings

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on meat would be rigorously enforced, the President must have reassured thousands of small growers who had been withholding their cattle because of the rumors that meat would shortly be decontrolled. The statement was well-timed. As Secretary Anderson has pointed out, October is the month when the cattle-raisers usually begin to market their grass-fed stock. While the bumper corn crop will make it possible for a larger number of animals to be fattened for later sale, Department of Agriculture statistics indicated that only about 25 per cent of the cattle are normally held back for grain feeding. Last week's figures show an increase of 50 per cent in the number of cattle slaughtered as compared with the previous week. Thus, we should expect a distinct improvement in the meat situation within a few weeks if the present effective measures against the black market can be maintained and strengthened. It is essential, however, that all of us keep our heads and not allow either packer propaganda or the Republican search for an election issue to create a state of public hysteria that would force a change in Administration policy.

Their Own Petards

IN THESE frantic and complex days when the vintage of wrath is being trampled out in the capitals of the world, when global conflicts and national politics demand more and more attention, the harried liberal has reason to be thankful that certain individuals and groups keep on fighting those less dramatic battles which tend to get lost in the cosmic shuffle, but which must nevertheless be won, and won the hard way.

Such a deserving group is the Committee for the Nation's Health, an organization headed by Dr. Channing Frothingham, which carries on the good fight for national health insurance as embodied in the Wagner-Murray-Dingell bill, S. 1606.

Among the more intriguing products of Dr. Frothingham's campaign is a recently published statement submitted to the Senate Education and Labor Committee to refute the hysterical pamphleteering of the National Physicians' Committee, an independent protégé of the American Medical Association, bound by the latter's policies. The fillip in this particular statement is in the method of refutation: the N. P. C. is confounded with a factual analysis of S. 1606 prepared by the Bureau of Legal Medicine and Legislation of the A. M. A. itself and published in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*. The A. M. A. is thus permitted to make a liar out of one of its own unofficial spokesmen, and the spectacle is thoroughly enjoyable.

For example, the N. P. C. stated in one of its fulminations: "The doctor would have little if any interest in the *patient who is compelled to visit him. . . .* Sick people must depend on a *doctor that has been assigned by a political bureaucrat.*" Dr. Frothingham supplied the italics and the *Journal* supplied the answer: "A beneficiary may select any practitioner appearing on a panel to treat him subject to the consent of the practitioner or the group of practitioners, as the case may be." The N. P. C. tells the public: "The Surgeon General would be authorized to determine what hospitals or clinics may provide service for patients and under what conditions." The A. M. A. analysis, on the other hand, explains: "The Surgeon General shall exercise no supervision or control over a participating hospital unless it is owned or leased and operated by the United States." There are many more confutations, just as startling, the sum total of which should illustrate the hopeless confusion of the cause which our medical pontiffs promote; men who descend to scare campaigns are usually hard-pressed for logic. No less than six public-opinion polls have sampled sentiment on national health insurance, and all found a majority of the people in favor, in proportions ranging from 59 to 85 per cent. Against such popular indorsement, and against such alert protagonists as Dr. Frothingham and his cohorts, the A. M. A. should make sure that its spokesmen at least compare notes hereafter if it would succeed in its efforts to keep adequate medical care for all American citizens from ever becoming a reality.

TWO SPECIAL FEATURES

are introduced in this week's *Nation*

Pre-Election U. S. A.

Each week, from now until the November voting, *The Nation* will carry on-the-spot reports from the key districts where a slight shift of votes will spell the difference between a Democratic and a Republican victory. Robert Bendiner, *Nation* associate editor, leads off with three articles on the New England states and New York. He will make two further trips into the Middle West and the Mid-Atlantic states. Ernest Kirschten will write from St. Louis, Pete Akers from Chicago, Dick Neuberger from Portland, and Carey McWilliams from Los Angeles.

In One Ear: A NEW RADIO COLUMN

The Nation's new radio page will be edited by Lou Frankel, one-time radio editor of *Variety* and of *Billboard* and now continuity director of Station WHCU, Cornell University. No one associated with radio is better qualified to write on the radio industry, on radio advertising, on radio programs, and to provide *Nation* listeners with a critical guide to the airways. We predict this will become one of our most talked-of columns.

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Stalin's Letter

IN FRAMING his answers to the questionaire submitted by the British correspondent, Alexander Werth, Premier Stalin clearly took into account the internal as well as the external situation. His letter was immediately broadcast throughout the Soviet Union and served to produce a perceptible relaxation of tension. The Russian people needed reassurance that war was not imminent. For months the Soviet propaganda machine had been telling them of capitalistic conspiracies to encircle Russia, and the dismissal of Mr. Wallace had aroused fears that the Western warmongers had triumphed and were about to launch their attack. Stalin, in effect, reversed this propaganda line. He said that there was no "real danger of a new war," that the atom bomb was not a decisive military weapon, and that the foreign warmongers were a noisy but politically impotent minority.

Outside the Soviet Union the letter also produced a drop in the temperature, while adding new material to the debate begun by the Wallace episode. It was, in fact, well designed to increase the doubts about official American policy held by many middle-of-the-roaders whose thinking is not dictated by Moscow but who refuse to accept the theory of "irrepressible conflict" between East and West. In Britain, particularly, the Stalin letter seems likely to reinforce those who feel that Foreign Secretary Bevin has backed uncritically an American policy which has passed lightheartedly from firmness to provocation. It is not only the Labor left wing which voices such views. They have been expressed with equal emphasis by the liberal *Economist* and indorsed, albeit with diplomatic circumlocution, by the conservative leader, Anthony Eden. With Stalin's letter offering a hope that the "new spirit and new approach" asked for by Eden are practicable, the pressure on Bevin to adopt a more independent attitude is likely to be increased.

Reactions of the State Department to the Stalin letter have been decidedly cool. On the one hand, there is a complacent tendency to regard it as a tribute to the effectiveness of the Byrnes policies; on the other, there is a demand that fair words be followed by fair deeds in the shape of a less aggressive Soviet attitude in international negotiations. Of this, admittedly, there has been no sign since Stalin spoke. The Russian delegation in Paris has pursued its objectives with undiminished truculence, and the Kremlin has dispatched a new note to Turkey on the Dardanelles question framed in ominously minatory terms. But an immediate softening of Russian policies was hardly to be expected; in the absence of some positive response by the Western powers to Stalin's gesture, that might be interpreted as a sign of weakness.

Before the real worth of that gesture can properly be evaluated, some sign of reciprocity rather more arresting than Mr. Truman's expression of belief in permanent peace is surely called for. It ought to be possible for our statesmen, without loss of face, to discover whether Stalin is really prepared to discuss a way out of the impasse that has been reached in American-Soviet relations. It may be, as Walter Lippmann has suggested, that the Soviet government is looking for "a breathing spell," and is willing to call a halt to expansion until it has restored Russia's war-wilted economy and provided itself with the atomic bomb. Even so, we ought not to reject any opportunity for a truce, since we, just as much as Russia, need a breathing spell. Without it we cannot hope to rebuild the economic foundations of the Western world and provide it with a structure of social security —the only real fortification against the eventual advance of communism.

In his letter Stalin twice declared that peaceful collaboration and friendly competition between the Soviets and Western democracy was possible. It has hardly seemed so during the Paris conference, where the American policy of the open door has been squarely opposed by Russia. Moreover, the Soviets have consistently cold-shouldered the international institutions which this country has sponsored as a means of freeing and expanding world trade. Does Stalin's declaration of belief in the possibilities of peaceful collaboration indicate a change in this line? It may be so and for very practical reasons. On another page in this issue Keith Hutchison presents facts which suggest that the food situation in Russia is critical. Recent reports by American correspondents in the Ukraine show that industrial reconstruction is proceeding slowly because of lack of man-power. Workers must be recruited from the farms, but until more farm machinery is provided they cannot be spared. This year UNRRA is helping to fill the gap between production and consumption in western Russia, but when it ceases its activities the shortage of goods may become alarming. Equally, UNRRA has been providing a life-belt for some of Russia's satellites in Eastern Europe. When it packs up, these countries will be on their own except to the extent that the Soviet Union can render aid out of its own attenuated resources. The logical conclusion of the policies which the Soviets have been pursuing up to now is economic isolation. That seems likely to mean a period of intense hardship both for the Russians and the inhabitants of the Russian sphere of influence, and perhaps inability to fulfill her Five-Year Plan.

That is the reason why, in return for economic assistance, Stalin may be ready to modify present Russian hostility to the American international economic program. Hard-boiled Russophobes may argue that we should refuse any deal and let the Russians stew in their own juice. Experience after the last war should be sufficient to warn us against the danger of an isolated Russia.

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In any case we should remember that if the Russians need our help, we need theirs. We are, perhaps, in a position to slow up reconstruction in Eastern Europe, but they have the power to check recovery in Western Europe and particularly to prevent the reintegration of Germany into the European economy. The possibilities of a deal are obvious, and if Stalin is ready to trade, let us not lightly reject the opportunity.

Liberalism at Los Angeles

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

UNDER any circumstances the recent conference at Los Angeles conducted by The Nation Associates would have aroused immense interest, for the question under discussion — The Challenge of the Post-War World to the Liberal Movement—is an urgent one and a distinguished group of men and women contributed to the program. But events added an almost poignant intensity to the meeting. If the committee in charge had employed Hollywood's best publicity experts to give the conference a build-up they could never have thought of a stunt to compete with the Wallace incident.

Henry Wallace dominated the sessions, symbolizing in both his position and his fate the issue between the progressive forces in his country and those which are creating a right-wing coalition masquerading under the label of bi-partisanship. Although he had been belatedly adopted by the extreme left, it was the non-Communist groups who saw in the whole incident a dramatization of their basic dilemma—the dilemma of a progressive mass disunited and cut off by changing political currents from the organizational base from which, during the Roosevelt era, it had exercised effective power.

The conference also gained significance from the fact that it was a regional enterprise, though geared to national and world events. Organized by Lillie Shultz, director of The Nation Associates, it was carried through in close and continuous consultation with a number of West Coast progressive leaders. Chief among them was our staff contributor, Carey McWilliams, whose knowledge of the region—political, social, even geographical—is unequaled. It was Mr. McWilliams who edited the special conference edition of *The Nation,* described on the inside front cover this week, and who helped prepare the program of the five sessions. As a consequence the discussions were intimately related to the chief problems of the Pacific Coast, both economic and political. Speakers were mostly drawn from the area, with a few imported from the East to emphasize national and international aspects of the program. Most of the important independent civic and political groups cooperated and sent delegations. The sessions were crowded—several to overflowing; I have never attended a serious meeting where attention was keener or where everyone present participated more actively and intelligently.

Although domestic issues aroused plenty of interest, especially those bearing on the political campaign, the international crisis in all its aspects stirred the conference most profoundly. At the session on world affairs Mr. del Vayo's talk on Spain and Greece got the warmest response, and not only because it was eloquent and moving. In that gathering, the fate of the two nations, expressing so dramatically and painfully the failure of the democracies' foreign policy, was taken as a symbol of the fight that must be won in our own country if the hold of the Old Guard is to be broken. Similarly, at the dinner, Bartley Crum's urgent plea for a new approach to world problems—not only to Russia—won the greatest applause, while his dramatic proposal that a third party be created to crystallize liberal sentiment had a mixed reception. Without question, West Coast progressives have made the Administration's record in foreign affairs the test of its claim to liberal support in every field.

California is a state where political interest is lively, discussion free, lines loosely drawn, personalities important. People like to say: "In California, politics are fluid." No words could express the situation better. Until recently the left groupings, from Communists and their sympathizers to the liberal elements in the old parties, have supported a loose coalition or at least maintained a truce. The factional fight has been less bitter, open breaks less sharp and final, than in the East. Lately, however, for a variety of reasons even the appearance of a popular front has been harder to keep up. The state political fight in particular—described by Carey McWilliams in *The Nation* for June 22—crystallized existing animosities and created a demand for new alignments that would more exactly express the honest differences among progressive groups. An extremely interesting paper read at the conference by Harry Girvetz of the University of Santa Barbara, representing what might be termed the "right liberal" position, called for a new political organization which would explicitly disavow communism and the Communist Party but at the same time refuse to become involved in anti-Communist polemics or "make the mistake of identifying communism with fascism," and which would set about putting into effect a program based upon clearly formulated liberal principles. That such an organization will come into being is questionable, since many independent progressives prefer to minimize the issue of communism as far as possible, concentrating on positive, though independent, action and avoiding open factional conflict.

But whatever their opinion about political organization on the left, progressives in California, like progressives everywhere, realize that a vacuum exists today in

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the political life of America. The place occupied in Roosevelt's day by the New Deal and the elements that backed it, nationally and locally, is empty. No political force now operating has been able to prevent a rapid shift of power within the Democratic Party to its more reactionary elements. That is why the stand taken by Henry Wallace aroused such anxious hope in all progressive groups, and why, in California, the coincidence of Wallace's dismissal converted the conference of The Nation Associates into a political convention of the independent progressive forces of the Coast.

[*Next week* The Nation *will discuss editorially the political significance of the plans and program formulated by the conference of progressives held last Saturday and Sunday at Chicago.*]

In the Light of Bikini

BY TRIS COFFIN

Washington, September 28

ON Monday afternoon an elderly Negro messenger trundled a car through a narrow hall in the Commerce Department. It was piled high with paper cartons crammed with Henry Wallace's personal files. After thirteen years in the Cabinet, this was the exit.

In his handsome wood-paneled office Wallace was saying goodby to old friends. His was the only cheerful face in the smoke-filled room. One reason for his good humor was the mail stacked on desks, chairs, and tables in the outer office. It came from every section of the nation. The phrases were emotional. It was the kind of mail Franklin Roosevelt used to get.

President Truman's part in the Wallace controversy brought a curious reaction at his news conference this afternoon. He was reading a prepared statement on the meat situation and wandered off the written script for emphasis. He said earnestly, and without realizing the connotation, that he knew what he was talking about—*this time.* A roar of laughter swept the room.

Henry Wallace had been a private citizen only a few days when the military began to speak its mind on war and peace. Vice-Admiral Denfeld, who is being groomed for chief of naval operations, told an audience at William and Mary College that the United States must be ready to defend itself "at the drop of a hat."

Tuesday afternoon a sleek naval transport lay beside a pier in the Washington Navy Yard. It was the U. S. S. Burleson, home from the Pacific after being headquarters ship at the Bikini atomic-bomb tests. When the reporters were all assembled, Vice-Admiral Blandy, deputy chief of naval operations for special weapons, strode into the wardroom. He got down to business right away, speaking in a crisp professional voice: "These tests are one form of being prepared for war. The best way to avert war is to be prepared for it. Our slipshod methods in the past have resulted in great loss of life. We have a chance to prevent the next war—I do not refer to any specific war—by preparing for it."

This philosophy off his chest, Admiral Blandy turned the press conference over to the medical officers. They had news of what might happen to the world in an atomic war. It was all very scientific and sterile—an account of the effect of atomic radiation on animals used in the Bikini tests. From a five-page mimeographed statement we learned:

> Deaths may be expected up to and even months after the animals are exposed to radiation sickness. Animals affected by severe radiation become apathetic, lose appetite, appear weak, and are prone to develop secondary infections causing deaths. Those with the heaviest doses die within a few days. Those with lighter doses show no immediate ill effects. They develop mild but more prolonged symptoms which may result in death.
>
> Radiation sickness is painless in its effects on animals. Since the animal has no knowledge it has the disease, there is none of the mental anguish that assails a human being. The animal merely languishes or dies a painless death. Suffering among the animals was negligible.

Vice-Admiral McIntire, chief of the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery, was asked by an uneasy reporter if the tests had revealed any way of preventing damage to *man.* He replied vaguely, "There is no question we saved the lives of some animals. This is a continuing thing."

Some of his subordinates, men who had worked on the tests, were not so reassuring. A reporter said, "I read the other day that an Oak Ridge scientist died from atomic radiation. Have you had any successful treatment for human beings?" The answer was, "We hope we will learn methods to save those exposed to moderate amounts of radiation. I do not believe it will ever be possible to cure those with heavy doses."

The man answering most of the questions, Captain Shields Warren, a reserve officer, was asked what he meant by a "moderate" dose of radiation. He replied thoughtfully, "That depends upon the animal. Insects can stand up to 100,000 R units. If man gets from 300

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to 500 R units, that is sufficient to kill. Guinea pigs are slightly more susceptible than man. The rat is more resistant. A moderate dose would be less than 300 R units."

Besides the loss of white blood cells, radiation, Captain Warren explained, caused sterility. "The sex cells of the body are more sensitive to radiation. It is possible for animals or man not to be killed but to have the sex cells destroyed. In some animals used in the test there is evidence of atrophy of the testes." In his professional manner he added, "The mice were not harmed."

In the second Bikini test all the pigs, which have about the same susceptibility as man, were killed. A reporter mused, "I assume, then, all the men on a ship so exposed would have been killed." Captain Warren said his guess was they would have died unless evacuated immediately. Admiral Blandy was not enjoying this line of talk. He interrupted to say positively, "The fact that all pigs were killed does not mean all men would have been, too." That ended that.

Were there any changes in the habits of the animals? Yes, Captain Warren said, they were restless, irritable, and aggressive for two or three weeks. If they recovered, they got over it.

Was there any means of protecting an individual on shipboard from atomic radiation? The captain said that any armor that might be devised would be useless, because it would keep the individual motionless. Admiral Blandy explained, "The men have duties to perform and they can't be tied down."

The Admiral was asked whether the results of the tests would be made available internationally. He answered in firm tones, "No, they remain secret United States property." He could not even reveal the position of the animals on the target ships. He had a strict security directive from the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

The questions moved on—was there anything to the idea that electronics might be useful in atomic warfare? Admiral Blandy replied, "This has not been pursued. It is just conjecture. I don't believe it's feasible."

Were any structural changes on ships being contemplated as safety measures? The Admiral said drily, "Principally, removal of the patient before exposure. The best protection is not to be there when the bomb goes off."

His last statement was offered crisply, "We are bringing some of the ships back to the naval yard to acquaint personnel with the hazards in a possible war."

After the conference the correspondents clambered down the wooden steps built alongside the ship on the pier and walked off through the Navy Yard in a heavy rain. It was a relief to get away from the world of atomic war.

Will Germany Go Communist?

BY REINHOLD NIEBUHR

Berlin, September 20

GERMAN political life is still developing in an unreal world because the crucial issues—relations between Russia and the West, the forcing of millions of persons expelled from Eastern Europe on an already overcrowded population, and the paralysis of German economy—cannot be discussed, all criticism of military government or any Allied power being prohibited. It is on these issues, however, that the people are dividing into political parties, and on their resolution that the political future of Germany depends.

In the states of the American zone the old Socialist Party, the S. P. D., has a voting strength of from 28 to 43 per cent. The Communists have a uniform strength of about 10 per cent. Russian-supported efforts to combine the Socialists and Communists have been resisted in western Germany but have been successful in the Russian zone, where the Socialist Unity Party is now the official instrument. Every kind of pressure was exerted to guarantee its victory in the recent elections. The Russians even prohibited people from voting for the opposition parties in places where these parties did not have complete slates of local candidates. This made the opposition impotent everywhere but in the larger cities, and the 40 per cent vote against the Unity Party appears therefore the more surprising. The Russians may be expected gradually to reduce the vote of the opposition and to increase that of the official party by their customary methods.

The victories of the Unity Party in Russian-controlled areas cannot, however, hide the fact that the Russians suffered a major defeat in the west, where the Socialists resolutely refused to be swallowed up. This defeat has exerted great influence on both Russian and Anglo-American policy. The Russians are no longer pressing for the unification of Germany, for their hope of controlling it ideologically has waned. On the other hand,

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our interest in unification has been increased, as was revealed in Secretary Byrnes's speech, because we now know that Germany will not go Communist if we give it half a chance. The vigor with which Germans right down to the Socialist left wing have rejected communism must be seen to be believed. The best proof of it is that the heavy burden of occupation troops is gladly borne so long as it guarantees that Russia will not occupy the whole country. Secretary Byrnes's assurance that we would stay in Germany as long as any other nation did was the climax of his speech for the Germans.

The new political development in Germany is that all non-Socialist and non-Communist elements in the nation have been brought together in a kind of catch-all party, similar to the French M. R. P., called the Christian Democratic Union. The core of the new party is the old Catholic Center and Bavarian People's Party, but the Protestants have joined it in force. Its formation is evidence of the revival of Christian influence in the nation, due to the part played by the churches in the fight against Nazism, but it also shows that the question of religious instruction in the schools was given a disproportionate emphasis in the election propaganda because the real issues were taboo. The Christian Union has no clear economic-political line, representing as it does everything from extreme Bavarian clericalism to left-wing Christian socialism. Some of this Christian socialism is more realistic than the kind of socialism that indulges in utopian illusions and promises a "classless society and eternal peace"—concepts which have no conceivable relevance to the bitter realities of the moment. Certain elements in the Socialist Party desire to cease the age-old cultural-religious struggle and make common cause with the social-minded Christian groups. Others insist that the Christian Democratic Union must be regarded as a reactionary wolf in sheep's clothing.

The former group has just had a significant victory in Bavaria, where a proposal for a provision in the new Bavarian constitution creating a Presidency in Bavaria was voted down. The measure was a façade for reactionary monarchist and separatist tendencies and was defeated by a combination of left-wing Christian votes and left-wing Socialist votes. The Socialist leadership voted for the proposal, thus proving that the Socialist like the Christian Party has not yet reached a stable political orientation. It is more than likely that a party will emerge in Germany which will be pragmatically rather than dogmatically Socialist, which will seek to embody historic Christian rather than pure Marxist cultural forms and to deal with the problems of freedom and planning after the manner of the British Labor Party.

While all parties in western Germany except the Communists are vigorously anti-Russian, it must not be assumed that the Communists have lost Germany irretrievably. Russian terror has cured the Germans of communism, but our stupidity may cure them of attachment to democracy. Democracy can flourish only where there is at least some economic health; yet we are permitting western Germany to languish in a fantastic "cigarette economy," an economy of scarcity in which no consumer goods are available and everyone but the farmer is hungry.

The industrial production of Germany is so low that the thirty-odd million dollars' worth of export goods which the country has amassed in a year would not pay for its food deficit for three months, even on the present scale of hunger consumption. The cost of occupation eats up whatever surplus might be accumulated. The Russians have geared the economy of eastern Germany into their own. Their great poverty in consumer goods prevents them, however, from raising living standards in their zone. Otherwise they could make our position completely untenable. The British and American zones have better food standards than the other two because the British and American armies do not live off the land. The slight advantage that our zone enjoys is due to the greater scarcity of food in the British zone and the shortages in Britain itself. The general economic paralysis is worse in the British zone than in ours, but the people are hungry everywhere, and diseases of malnutrition are on the increase.

To the misery of hunger is added the misery of overcrowding. Two and one-quarter persons to a room is the average in Germany. And the overcrowding is constantly being heightened by our policy of forcing the people to receive about 100,000 Germans a month from Czechoslovakia, Silesia, and Hungary. When the process is completed, a population of seventeen million Germans in our zone will have absorbed an additional two and one-quarter million expelled Germans.

As if to increase the discomfort, we are evicting more and more Germans from their homes to make room for the families of British and American troops. The British have just evicted 16,000 Germans in Hamburg alone. Usually four or five German families have to be evicted to make room for one American or British officer's family, who seem to have acquired standards of luxury never indulged in or dreamed of before. The contrasts are fantastic and have a bad influence on German morale. Moreover, the wealth and power on one side, the poverty and weakness on the other are largely responsible for the sexual immorality of an army of occupation. What can be expected when a package of cigarettes worth seven cents to the donor is worth a month's wages to the recipient?

Our own occupation authorities cap all other injustices with a policy of strict segregation of the conquered. Even the most renowned pianist, asked to perform for an officers' dinner, must eat in the kitchen. The worst of the British officials treat the Germans as colonials;

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the better ones dine with them on terms of equality. We have a good-natured or ill-natured boorishness which is not as bad as the worst British practice or as good as the best. On the cultural level the French have undoubtedly achieved the best policy. In the universities in their zone there is a genuine personal and cultural interchange unknown in the other zones.

But these conditions, appalling as they are to the observer, are insignificant in comparison with the broader problem. If the general economic paralysis of Germany continues, no real social or spiritual health can develop. Secretary Byrnes assured the Germans that we wanted to change this situation. He implied that the political and economic unification of Germany would bring about a revival of German economic activity. Unfortunately there is not the slightest hope that the Russians will agree to such unification. They would want the unification of Germany only if they could dominate the nation ideologically, and that is precisely what they would not be able to do if trade and industry were revived. They will therefore hang on to their part of Germany and try to increase economic misery in our part by holding us to the letter of the Potsdam agreement.

Sooner or later we shall have to decide how to restore a measure of economic health to western Germany and Europe without waiting on Russia. We have learned the necessity of strategically resisting Russian penetration into Western Europe. But unless we support our political policy with an adequate economic policy, Soviet ideology will cross our strategic barrier. If anyone thinks that peace can be secured by such a development he has read the history of the past decades in vain.

Pre-Election U.S.A.

BY ROBERT BENDINER

I. Along the Connecticut Valley

Hartford, Connecticut

THE political spotlight of the nation passed over this lively and overcrowded capital on September 17, hovered for an hour above Bushnell Memorial Hall, where the Democrats were picking an election slate—and moved on to more promising fields. Had the Democrats nominated Chester Bowles for governor, as everyone including Mr. Bowles fully expected, the spotlight would have remained over the Connecticut Valley for the next six weeks. In the first place, the election would have been a clear-cut plebiscite on the OPA in particular and the New Deal philosophy in general; and, second, it would have given the politicians a gauge for measuring the polling appeal of a man with Presidential possibilities—and Presidential aspirations.

Instead, the delegates gathered at Hartford chose as their standard-bearer Lieutenant Governor Wilbert Snow, a picturesque and pleasant poet from the backwoods of Maine—by way of Wesleyan University—and declined to set Mr. Bowles on the path to the White House. It should not be imagined, despite editorials in the New York *Sun* and *Herald Tribune,* that the decision rested on a fear that the personification of OPA would be too heavy a burden for their ticket to bear. On the contrary, Bowles lost the nomination because he was too likely to win the election. A confidential Roper poll on all candidates, taken on request of Democratic leaders in August, showed Bowles a favorite by something more than six to one. But party bosses do not always play to win, and this was one of the occasions when defeat was figured to be more profitable than victory. To lose the election would be to forgo control of State House patronage for the time being; but to win with a man as independent as Bowles might mean to lose it permanently.

It is not accurate to say that Senator Brien McMahon, who runs Connecticut's Democratic machine, actually knifed Bowles at the convention; he merely stood by and as an interested spectator watched that operation performed by others—specifically by the small-town delegates and such lesser bosses as Francis Smith of Hartford, a millionaire lumber dealer on whom price controls have always had a toxic effect. Hostile from the start to Bowles's candidacy, McMahon had at first tried to scare him off, and reluctantly indorsed him only when the results of the poll gave him no alternative. But by that time, as he frankly admitted, he had so far encouraged Snow that the most he could do was to announce his own intention to vote for Bowles and leave the rest to the chances of the convention.

Even so Bowles could have, and should have, won. Privately, he attributes his defeat to three failures on his own part: first, in an honest anxiety to dissociate himself from the techniques of the "Huckster" profession, from which he is a fugitive, he resorted to none of those high-pressure maneuvers which win delegates and influence newspaper publishers; second, he spurned deals, freely offered down to the zero hour, whereby he might have bought batches of delegates at the ceiling price of one commissionership per batch; and, third, he had no manager. Of these self-imposed political handicaps, he says, he regrets only the last. His promptness in moving the convention to make the vote for Snow unanimous

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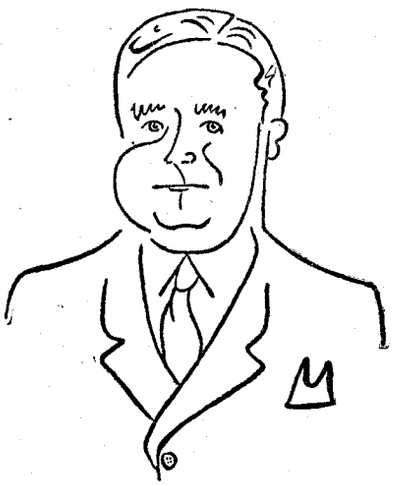
and his agreement to campaign vigorously for the ticket made a favorable impression on party leaders, and it is a good—and pleasant—bet that neither Connecticut nor national politics has seen the last of him.

If Bowles emerged from the convention with his political hide intact, the same cannot be said of his party. Connecticut is a state with a large independent vote, particularly in the trade unions and in intellectual circles (next to insurance the academic nurture of the intellect is Connecticut's outstanding industry). This independent vote is vital to Democratic victory, but it is a lazy vote, one that requires enthusiastic conviction and even then considerable prodding. In the past decade Franklin D. Roosevelt had no trouble arousing that enthusiasm, and P. A. C. and its predecessors could be counted on for the prodding. Without Roosevelt it was believed that Bowles would provide the name and the political drawing power required to get out the marginal vote. Now that he is eliminated, the party's hopes of carrying the state are plainly at a low ebb. A few numerical facts will show the reason.



Senator McMahon

Connecticut has six Congressmen, including one Representative at Large. In 1944 the state elected two Republicans to Congress and four Democrats, including the Representative at Large, whose fate depends almost entirely on the fate of the ticket as a whole. Of the three Democratic victories in the Congressional districts, one was by a 54 per cent vote, one by 51.4 per cent, and one by a scant 51 per cent.

That was with Roosevelt at the head of the ticket. These same Democratic candidates now face an election on a slate headed by two respectable but uninspiring gentlemen, and they must seek to retain their exceedingly narrow margins among the very groups most outraged by the convention's treatment of Bowles.

There is no doubt that labor, in the industrial towns, is in a sullen mood over the recent turn of events. It wanted Bowles, and it wanted a chance to demonstrate its support of price control. It has nothing against Snow, but his appeal has been directed futilely to the rural vote, which is almost hopelessly Republican here, as virtually everywhere in the North. The opinion is general that Snow is liberal and honest—but politically inept and a poor campaigner. He is fond of talking whimsically of his experiences in chasing reindeer in Alaska, and even in a state that dotes on professor-politicians his academic aura will give him no advantage, since he will have to share such honors with his opponent. The Republican candidate, Dr. James L. McConaughy, is a cold and thoroughly reactionary don who for years administered the affairs of Wesleyan University, which happens also to be the institution served by Mr. Snow.

Snow is politically unsophisticated, and while this is not altogether to be condemned, his celebrated tactlessness may prove a considerable handicap. Typical of the tales about him is the story of how he harangued a Polish Catholic group near Hartford recently for being resentful toward the Soviets. Shocked, the local bishop walked out of the room, and the audience gasped. In consequence the Poles of Hartford County are not expected to be of much help to the Democratic ticket. Snow's directness is refreshing, however, and he would probably make a better governor than a candidate—certainly a better governor than McConaughy, who accepted the nomination with the solemn declaration that the big issue of the day was communism and that "the two greatest fighters against American communism are the church and the Republican Party."

The Democratic nominee for the Senate is hardly more likely to stir up the enthusiasm of the vital marginal group than is Snow. Logically Joe Tone should be sure of the trade-union vote. Formerly state labor commissioner, he has long been part of or close to the labor movement, but because of an unhappy episode in the dim past (he denies it even happened) he has incurred the animosity of the A. F. of L. around New Haven, and of the Railway Brotherhoods as well. Moreover, he is up against Governor Baldwin, a vote-getter good enough to win in 1944 despite the Roosevelt landslide. Baldwin is counting on some portion of the labor vote, since nearly a third of it in the state is normally Republican. As a bid for this support he successfully opposed the aspirations of Representative Joseph E. Talbot, Clare Luce's candidate for governor and a man whose record in Congress is all black. But Baldwin has made enemies within his own party, and the fact that he was drawing $10,000 a year from the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company while governor will be used against him—even though this dubious practice has the sanction of the law in Connecticut.

In the circumstances the Democratic Congressional nominees appreciate fully the uphill fight that confronts them. When I talked with Herman Kopplemann in the First District (Hartford), he was so skeptical of victory that he could not make up his mind to run, though I am told that he regularly puts off this decision until the zero hour. Kopplemann is elected when the vote is high, as it was in 1932, '34, '36, '40, and '44 (note that only one of them was a midterm election); he is defeated

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when the vote is low, as in '38 and '42. He is afraid of the apathy apparent in Democratic ranks this year and complains wistfully that "Republicans consider it a duty to vote, while Democrats regard it as a favor to the candidate."

Even more in jeopardy than Kopplemann's seat is that of James P. Geelan, running in the Third District, which centers in New Haven. Like Kopplemann, Geelan has an excellent voting record, but he is a colorless candidate and needs a strong ticket to pull him through.

Strangely enough, the only Democratic Representative given a good chance of victory is Mrs. Chase Going Woodhouse, who won out in the rock-ribbed Republican Second District in 1944 by less than 2 per cent. A professor of economics, Mrs. Woodhouse, gray-haired and motherly, might be thought a likely casualty. But every politician, newspaperman, and observer I talked to volunteered the opinion that she was as shrewd and able as anyone in Connecticut politics and an excellent campaigner. By any liberal standard, her voting record has been unexceptionable, but she knows that public policy is only one aspect of a Representative's work. Rightly or wrongly, service to constituents is at least as important, and in this field she can give lessons to many an old-timer. With the aid of her daughter and two or three assistants, Mrs. Woodhouse has carefully checked every request for help, and where aid was feasible and justified she has gone to work on the appropriate government agency. Mail is answered within twenty-four hours, and her constituents are kept posted on her activities by regular radio reports. So effective has this policy been that many a Republican neighbor is pledged to vote for her, not on the basis of her support of OPA or full employment, but because she brought the wounded Smith boy back to a base hospital in the States or because she got a pressing claim settled for Mr. McGillicuddy.

Much may happen between now and November that will change the Connecticut picture. Baldwin and McConaughy are vulnerable nominees if the labor-liberal forces choose to wade into their records. But these groups, which constitute the vital independent vote, will have to overcome their resentment concerning Bowles, their divisions over the Wallace affair, and the general lassitude of a mid-term election. That is a lot to overcome, but unless it is done I would hazard the guess that the present four-to-two ratio, favoring the Democrats, in the state's Congressional delegation will become four-to-two (and perhaps even five-to-one) in favor of the Republicans. In other words, the G. O. P., seeking twenty-five seats to win control of the next Congress, will pick up two or three of them—possibly four—in the single state of Connecticut.

[Mr. Bendiner's second article, appearing next week, will discuss the preelection situation in Massachusetts.]

Reflections in Trieste

BY G. E. R. GEDYE

Trieste, September 18

THE immediate reaction of anyone emerging for a time from the gray monotony of partitioned, grim, and hungry Austria into the material comforts of Trieste is that of a schoolboy on holiday. The shop windows are full of good things—at high prices—purchasable without ration cards; the restaurants are as good as were pre-war restaurants in a town of this size anywhere. Coming from a country without one open restaurant or a shop selling anything which anybody could conceivably make use of, one deliberately shuts one's eyes to realities and relaxes for twenty-four hours.

Few people capable of rational thought could stay in Trieste much longer without discomfort. For here in this narrow territory of Venezia Giulia one is presented with a concentrated sample of the bitter fruits of our victory over fascism. Nowhere is the naked reality of power politics more shamelessly revealed; nowhere does propaganda more openly distort day-to-day developments to give a picture far removed from reality. The strident insistence of the propagandists has apparently succeeded in convincing the masses of the population that the issue is one of racial self-determination as between Slav and Latin. In reality, of course, the issue is whether the magnificent harbor of Trieste is for the first time in history to fall under "Eastern" instead of "Western" control. Ultimately the decision will vitally affect the future set-up in the Central European states. For as Mussolini conclusively proved, he who holds Trieste can bring irresistible economic pressure to bear on the political development of these states, especially Austria and Hungary, whose ability to import and export depends on Trieste and their communications with it. Hence the lavish, cynical, and unscrupulous efforts of the propagandists; hence also the unreality of "Western"-controlled A. M. G.'s efforts to maintain full impartiality between Latin and Slav. By its very constitution

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A. M. G. is bound to favor some form of Latin solution—or at least to prevent a solution which would give the East a stranglehold on Central Europe.

The issue of East versus West has long swamped the racial divisions. I have seen dozens of large-scale pro-Tito demonstrations where the Italian Communist shouts of "Vogliamo Tito!" completely drowned the Slovene Communist cries of "Zhivel Tito!" Many local Slovenes, on the other hand, as well as refugees from Tito's Yugoslavia—among them, of course, reactionaries, but also many who are simply non-Communists—are working eagerly for any solution other than the incorporation of Trieste in Communist Yugoslavia. In the mountainous, unfertile region which makes up Venezia Giulia, the population is almost entirely Slovene. Hence the colored maps supplied by the Tito propagandists are based on space—and are able to prove conclusively that nearly the whole *area* of Venezia Giulia is Slovene. But this hinterland is very sparsely populated; the crowded towns and ports are almost all Italian. Hence the maps supplied by Colonel Fonda and his pro-Italy propagandists of the anti-fascist Italian resistance movement are based on population—and show great blobs of Italian color. Neither suggests the existence of a quiet, non-political "man in the street" who, irrespective of race, remembers only that life for him, or for his father, was more peaceful, and money made more easily, when Trieste fulfilled its natural function as the port serving the central and southeastern areas of the extinct Austro-Hungarian Monarchy. These are the people who stand—but not very vociferously—behind the "Free State of Venezia Giulia."

There can be no question that the Slovenes, flushed with victory and revolutionary fervor, are the more aggressive. The Italians are for the most part depressed by defeat and anxious about the future, though of late they also have turned to violent methods. One cannot forget that it was Tito who announced on March 26 last that he would "resist with full energy" any unfavorable findings of the Boundary Commission, or overlook the continuous Slovene incitements against the A. M. G. and the recent shooting down of American planes which had inadvertently crossed the boundary line. I was at the American frontier post just outside Gorizia a fortnight ago when the commander of the Yugoslav air-force unit which had shot down these planes arrived to hand over the victims' remains to General Moore, commanding American troops in Venezia Giulia. Accompanying the remains was Ambassador Patterson from Belgrade. While the ceremony of handing over took place, a member of Mr. Patterson's party told me that they had been five hours on the way from Ljubljana—a journey taking normally little over one hour—because the Yugoslavs had insisted on going round by side roads so that their military preparations would not be seen. What, asked the Americans, are the military preparations which Tito is making on Venezia Giulia's frontiers, and why are they so secret as to necessitate shooting down American planes?

The local press is useless as a guide to realities. According to the Communist and pro-Tito press, everyone, whether Italian or Slovene by race, who does not believe that this territory should be handed over to Tito or will not sign on the dotted line to this effect is a "fascist." The pro-Italian press is less stultifying to read, but in its columns no Communist can be anything but a traitor. For the Titoists, A. M. G. is, of course, a neo-fascist administration; curiously enough they do not see anything incongruous in the fact that a neo-fascist administration allows them to make this accusation.

The Communist charge that A. M. G. is pro-fascist is worth serious examination, if only because it can be found repeated in the "party line" wherever Britain or America plays a role in the administration of occupied territory. At first sight it is just silly. In Zone A of Venezia Giulia the pro-Tito Communist Party—it entitles itself the Italo-Slovene Anti-Fascist Front—has a gigantic party apparatus, functioning quite openly, and an extremely violent press. At the moment the "war of nerves" takes the form of constant street demonstrations demanding the cancelation of warrants for the arrest of the leaders of the recent illegal—because purely political—general strike, who are now sitting comfortably in the Tito-governed Zone B. Nevertheless, A. M. G.'s scales are weighted against the "Yugo-Communists." Two months ago the Communists violently broke up the "all-Italy" bicycle race when it reached Trieste, and fired on the police. That same night Italian mobs in revenge wrecked sixteen Yugo-Communist centers. The impartial, British-trained V. G. police, largely Italian, looked on—so the approachable and very reasonable new Communist leader in Trieste, Babitch, told me. When I tackled A. M. G. about it, they admitted that the V. G. police had shown a deplorable "lack of courage."

What is the situation in Zone B, the part of the formerly Italian territory of Venezia Giulia occupied solely by Tito's troops? There Tito's Communists enjoy a totalitarian monoply of political agitation. I imagine not even *Il Lavoratore*, the leading Trieste Communist paper, would maintain that any Italian, let alone a Slovene, in this area could allow it to be known that he opposed incorporation in Yugoslavia and remain at liberty for twenty-four hours. For Anglo-American personnel Zone B is forbidden territory, and to the best of my knowledge, only one correspondent has ever been given free access to it. When this correspondent made statements unfavorable to Yugoslavia in his reports, he was requested to leave the country.

However, the indisputable fact that the democratic forms of free political agitation, discussion, and demon-

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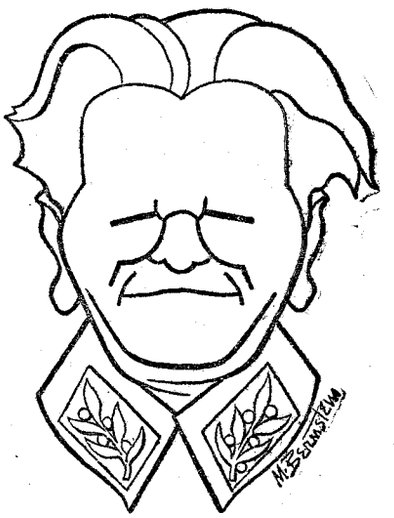
stration are liberally accorded in Zone A while a full totalitarian and one-party system operates in Zone B should not deter one from examining further the Communist allegations of reactionary tendencies in the A. M. G. The question is one which arises in all occupied areas. Perhaps we must expect the men we have put at the head of our administrations in these areas to sympathize with the possessing rather than the property-less classes, with the educated—or semi-educated—middle classes rather than the workers, with the people belonging to a milieu like their own rather than a hitherto submerged stratum now rising with volcanic energy to the surface. With more or less distaste, these conservative officials are trying to face up to a strange new world. They trust it will not last too long; they hope against hope that some day the working masses—decent fellows enough if they do not get ideas into their heads—will duly return to their proper station. Meanwhile the only thing to do is to keep them unobtrusively in check. And the best way to do this in their eyes is to give discreet support to their opponents.

Since Soviet Russia is working to push its frontiers to Trieste by exploiting pan-Slavism among the Slavs and extremist anti-fascism among the Italian workers, it must be countered by supporting Italians who, let us say, are at least not anti-fascist fanatics. Naturally the other side exaggerates this into "pro-fascism" on the part of A. M. G. It is not—but there is an inevitable tendency to rely on Italian chauvinism to fight chauvinist pan-Slavism. In Trieste the process has become a vicious circle. Socialist workers who refuse to become the tools of Russian expansion are beaten up by Italo-Slovene Communist "action squads." They are avenged by Italian *squadistri,* whose methods closely resemble those of the Black Shirts. Anglo-American administrators, finding the staunchest opponents of Slav aggression in such circles, duly punish their excesses, but with feelings of regret which are certainly absent when they pass sentence on Communist rioters.

For the British, one way of breaking this vicious circle is to appoint men of Socialist convictions to leading posts in the diplomatic service and in those bodies which are administering occupied territories. Too often men who were not merely faithful exponents of the foreign policy of Conservative Britain but personal enthusiasts for the appeasement of Nazism have returned to Europe as servants of the Labor government. Britain needs to send abroad men who believe in the ideals for which a Socialist Britain must stand and who know that their only real allies are to be found in the Continental Socialist parties. I shall not go into the American system of political appointees, which too often results in some successful business man or lawyer being "managed" the whole time that he is *en poste* by his career counselor or first secretary.

Immediate developments in Venezia Giulia are likely to be on the following lines. Despite loud protests from each, both Italy and Yugoslavia seem now to have accepted the principle of a "Free Territory" of Trieste. Yugoslavia, of course, would never seriously oppose any scheme in which Russia had concurred, as Russia did in this case. Yugoslavia and Italy, well-informed local observers believe, are discussing very privately today the exchange of Gorizia (proposed for Italy, with the Yugoslav frontier running almost through its suburbs) for Pola and the Istrian littoral (proposed for Yugoslavia). Over the Monfalcone shipyards (proposed for Italy) there may shortly be more trouble. Although only 10 per cent of the workers there are Slovenes, 80 per cent have been in the Slovene-Communist-dominated Syndicato Unico since the terrific Communist drive against workers who belonged to the pro-Italian Camera di Lavoro.



Marshal Tito

Some Allied observers are convinced that Russia has tipped off Yugoslavia to abate its intransigence over the whole Trieste question. The reason, they believe, is Russia's desire to placate the Communists in Italy, who, unlike the Slovene-controlled Italian Communists in Venezia Giulia, are getting more and more restive over the Slovene attitude. These observers believe that Russia is assuring Yugoslavia that all its aspirations, respecting not only Monfalcone but Trieste itself, will be realized anyway within two or three years. I certainly have met nobody in any camp prepared to bet on a longer duration of any "settlement" of the Trieste problem on which the Peace Conference is likely to agree. There is, of course, only one sensible and ideal solution. That is to incorporate Venezia Giulia in an economic group of three politically independent and democratic states—Austria, Hungary, and Czechslovakia—and to have this group enter into special relations concerning Trieste with both Italy and Yugoslavia. Not one of the implied precedent conditions for this, the only desirable and durable solution, exists today. All that can be hoped for under actual conditions is that East and West will devise a temporary compromise in the shape of a new and more precarious Danzig, to which East will at least concede those "corridor" rights which at the moment it still refuses.

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The Woodmen and the Trees

BY RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

Portland, Ore., September 24

ONCE the trees covered the land. Then ax and saw began their work. At first the green mantle was only fringed. Soon America's cloak of virgin timber was ragged and torn. Today it is not a cloak at all, but merely thin green strands threading the mountain valleys of the Far West.

Workers swung the axes and pulled the saws, and lumber fortunes piled up. The trees fell to earth and water carried off the soil. But who cared? The Wobblies wanted bacon and eggs instead of johnny-cake and greasy salt pork. Who could live, they asked, on a wage of 20 cents an hour? The Wobblies would burn down a forest to get what they wanted. Who cared? The forests would last forever, wouldn't they?

The United States Forest Service, the National Park Service, and various outdoor clubs fought the conservation battle for decades without labor's assistance. Trees cut to the ground meant jobs; labor and the lumber industry were of one mind on the subject of conservation. Today labor is the newest recruit in the camp of the conservationists. Labor has looked beyond the immediate horizon and seen what devastated forests mean for families in sawmill communities. And it is giving allegiance to a new policy with a good deal of objective criticism for its indifference in the past.

"We ask," said the International Woodworkers of America, meeting in Portland at their annual convention last week, "for sustained yield and selective logging to improve and protect our forests—for timber management, public recreation, fish and game, watershed defense, and livestock grazing." The Woodworkers are the largest C. I. O. union west of the continental divide, and they declared further, "We seek to reduce the destructiveness of logging that is done by union logging crews. By showing an interest in good forest-conservation practices for loggers, local unions should be able to stimulate greater employer interest in forestry, and at the same time make sure that avoidable destruction by I. W. A. logging crews does not occur."

A hefty Swede with a broken nose lit a pipe outside the I. W. A. convention hall. "I ban in the woods purty near turty years," he said. "Right now I larn how much hurt I done to trees in dat time. I be careful now. My crew—dey be careful too. All dis we larn from the union. It is something new."

The I. W. A. is backing the Hook bill, which provides for federal regulation of cutting on private lands. The old practice of "cut out and get out" would be forbidden. A lumberman could no longer gut a forest simply because he owned it in fee simple. There is a larger obligation, the bill's proponents hold, than amortization of investment—an obligation to future generations of Americans. A man may hold title to land, but he cannot leave an open sewer on it. The health of the community is at stake. Under the Hook bill title to a forest would not give a man the right to reduce that forest to stumps. At stake are recreation, wild life, drinking water, scenery, jobs.

The Hook bill would enforce sustained-yield practices in all commercial logging operations. Its author, Representative Frank E. Hook of Michigan, has seen what happened in the upper Great Lakes states when operators could cut at will. He wants to save the forests which remain in the West before it is too late. A Douglas fir or Ponderosa pine growing since Jefferson's time can be cut down between breakfast and lunch. Hook also seeks to establish a Forest Credit Division to lend lumbermen the money they will need to put their operations on a sustained-yield basis.

Once—not so long ago—loggers felt that hasty cutting of a forest was to their interest. "We know better now," says James E. Fadling, president of the Woodworkers. The operator probably lived a thousand miles from the forest—no Weyerhaeuser has slept in a bunkhouse for many years—but the lumberjacks and their families, after the trees were gone, found themselves inhabiting ghost towns. The mill machinery rusted. Tax payments ceased and schools closed. Stump ranching, toil to break a man's back and heart, was often the only recourse for the loggers—that or public relief.

The policy of "cut out and get out" might mean five hundred jobs for two years. The I. W. A. realizes that a hundred jobs for an indefinite period is closer to the union's goal. The I. W. W. waged industrial war for decent conditions in logging camps. The I. W. A. is waging war against logging camps *per se*. "Logging camps," says the union's director of research and education, Ellery

RICHARD L. NEUBERGER is an Oregon journalist whose articles on interesting developments in the Northwest—politics, power, conservation—appear frequently in The Nation *and other magazines.*

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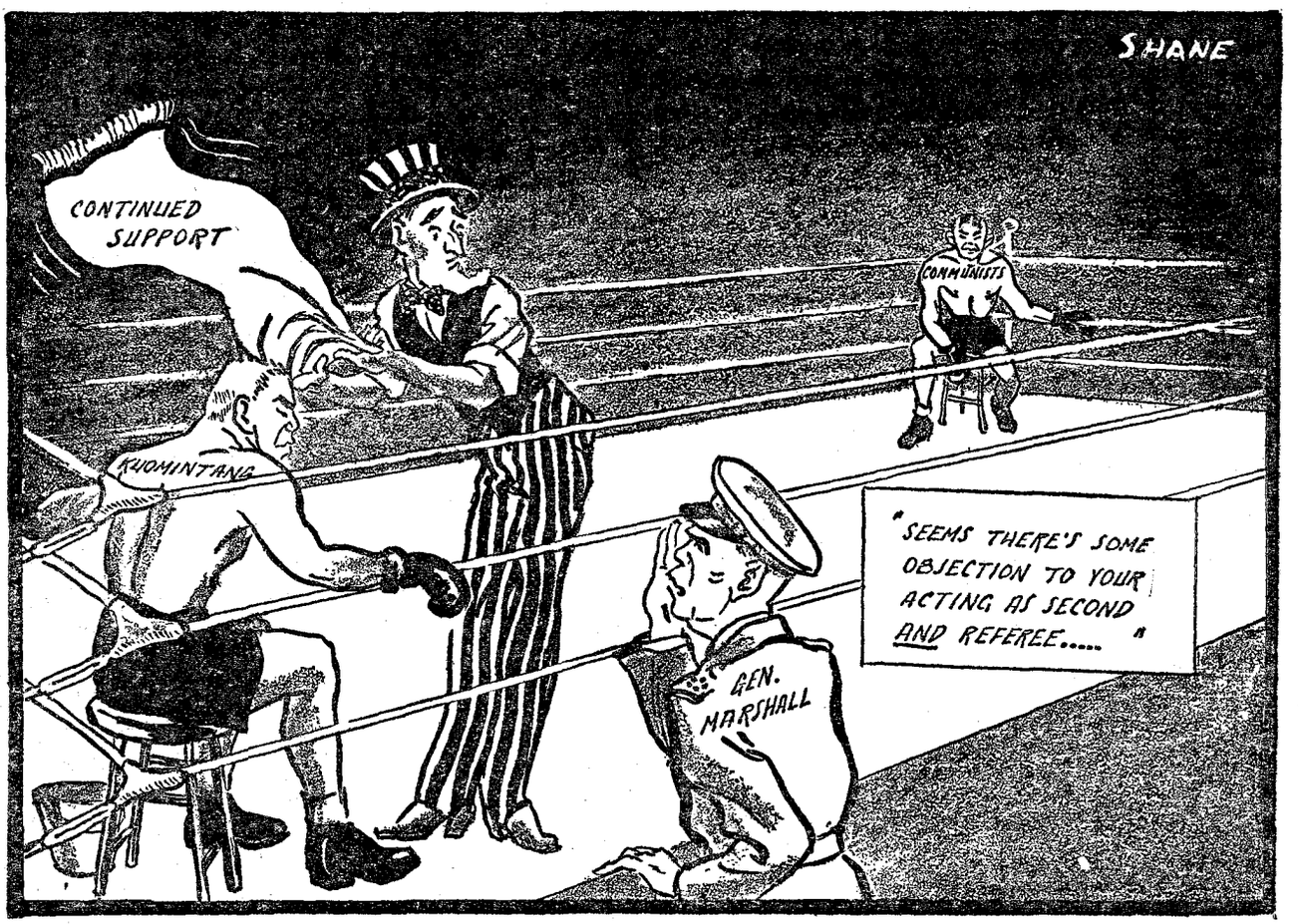
Foster, "add up to a shifting, nomadic life. A forest is cut down, the camp is moved on to another forest marked for destruction. We seek instead permanent communities which gain their economic sustenance from forests logged selectively over a long period of years, forests safeguarded for the future."

A forty-two-year-old forester with broad shoulders and a woodsman's eyes, Foster is behind a new departure in labor-union activity in the Northwest. From forestry school at the University of Michigan he went into the United States Forest Service and became a vigorous opponent of the wasteful logging then condoned by the loggers' unions. Drag chains pulled across young second-growth fir trees seemed sinful to him, whether or not the whistle-punk wore a union button in his cap. While the late Floyd Olson was governor of Minnesota, Foster was attached to the state department of forestry. Speaking to a group of loggers one day, he said, "You fellows ought to get wise that conservation is in your interest. You have the same interest as the public. You want the forests to endure. Otherwise your jobs will be washed up. Liquidating the forests may help a few shortsighted operators. It won't help you."

During the early part of the war Foster advised the lumber division of the War Production Board. He then joined the Woodworkers. Weyerhaeuser, Crown-Zellerbach, and some of the other big companies have recently put trained foresters on their pay rolls. Ellery Foster is the forester of the I. W. A. He watches out for bulldozers that crush seedling pines and for cookhouses that scatter sparks. From his typewriter roll innumerable pamphlets setting forth the union's insistence on sustained yield and sound forestry. "Worn-out forests," warns Foster, "can plague peoples and nations with great misery. Our union members now realize this fact."

With respect to conservation of resources the record of American unionism has been almost as bad as that of the industrialists. John L. Lewis has opposed the St. Lawrence seaway on the ground that low-cost water power might replace coal. Fishermen's unions in the Pacific Northwest, A. F. of L. and C. I. O. alike, have resisted measures to curtail the excessive salmon catches. Even though it would save dwindling oil reserves, a Bonneville Power Administration proposal to run all Western rail lines with surplus hydroelectric power finds very little favor with enginemen reared at steam throttles.

The program of the Woodworkers reverses this trend. After a spokesman for the C. I. O. Fishermen's Union had appeared with cannery owners in opposition to a bill protecting the steelhead trout of the Oregon coast, a prominent woodworker suggested that the fishermen should hire a biologist "to put you fellows on the beam the way Ellery Foster has done it for us."



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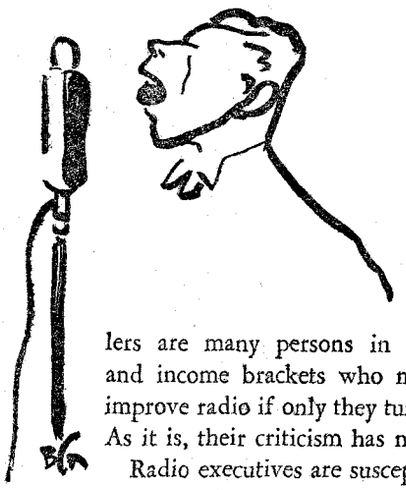
In One Ear

BY LOU FRANKEL



EVERYONE and his kid brother has something to say about radio. And the people who pan it the hardest are those who listen to it the least. Among the most persistent hecklers are many persons in the upper educational and income brackets who might do something to improve radio if only they tuned in more frequently. As it is, their criticism has no effect.

Radio executives are susceptible to complaints but not when the squawk comes from someone who doesn't listen regularly—that is, to all sorts of programs impartially, those that may not be liked and old favorites. Radio executives would especially welcome competent criticism from the upper strata of their listeners, from people with "names"—writers, artists, editors, and other intellectuals.

Radio, even more than newspapers and magazines, is controlled by the advertiser. Be it network or local station, no broadcaster lays down the law to an advertiser—not with sincerity and rigidity. Some radio men may put up an argument, but always with the knowledge that a compromise will be the result, a compromise that will keep those advertising dollars on the right side of the ledger.

But radio today, unlike the newspapers and magazines, also has to answer, if indirectly, to the public, as represented by the Federal Communications Commission, that undeservedly maligned overseer of radio. To read the trade press and listen to radio-industry spokesmen one would think that the FCC was a cross radio must carry if it would stay in business, a crown of thorns set upon its brow years ago by a nitwit Congress. Actually the FCC was established to protect the interests of the public; for years, particularly under the chairmanship of James Lawrence Fly, it fought valiantly to lift American radio to a higher level. But always with little if any help from the public. About the only organization to lend a hand was the American Civil Liberties Union, which by no stretch of the imagination can be said to represent the mass of radio listeners.

The people who do listen to radio don't know, don't care, don' wanna be bothered about the FCC; just give them Jack Benny and Bob Hope, Gangbusters and Mr. D. A., soap operas and swing, and they're happy. People who would be inclined to support the FCC, don't listen to the radio.

Nor does the FCC get any help from the press, except from *PM* and *Variety*, Jack Gould in the New York *Times*, and John Crosby in the *Herald Tribune*. "The FCC," say the industry spokesmen, "is just more government interference with private industry; if the FCC claims to talk for the people, what people?"

Opposition to the FCC is particularly vigorous this year, for the National Association of Broadcasters, the radio trade association, has now for the first time in almost a decade a competent and effective head in Judge Justin Miller. With authority to clean out the dead wood and end the internecine feuds Judge Miller, at $50,000 a year, is whipping the N. A. B. into a cohesive unit that can talk for the industry—and more important, can keep its members in line. Not all the internal bickering has been ended, nor is all of radio in the N. A. B., but progress is being made. Meanwhile the FCC remains without informed public support.

If things go on as they are, it is merely a question of time until the industry wins the battle. So right now, while there are still some fighters on the commission, while Congress still thinks a federal agency is necessary to protect the public's interests, right now is the time to get something done about radio.

But that means you will have to listen to the radio: listen to soap operas, to jive, to comics, to recorded music, to everything that makes radio a great popular medium, even though you, as an individual, may not agree with the millions. Only by listening to the radio can you put any punch in your criticism.

Each week this column will discuss some aspect of the radio industry. From time to time it will print contributions by names you know in radio. Listen to the programs suggested each week. Sound off in the mail. We'll answer questions and complaints. We'll get action, too.

LOU FRANKEL has been radio editor of Billboard, Variety, *and* Tide. *He is now continuity director of Station WHCU, Cornell University. His column will appear each week in* The Nation.

In the Wind

THE TIME CAPSULE: Last week some nameless but immortal Manhattan moppet descended from the world of his elders into an East Side subway station and, eschewing the conventional pornography, chalked on the wall in foot-high letters: "MISERY!"

REFLECTED GLORY: We take a special pride in the coveted Fifty-Year Button recently awarded to Andrew B. Werth, who gives *The Nation* its final proofreading each week, for half a century's membership in the New York Typographical Union. To Mr. Werth, the congratulations of *The Nation's* staff and *The Nation's* readers.

A COLUMNIST in the St. Paul *Pioneer Press* writes about a busload of state conservation commissioners and fisheries men being taken on a three-day tour of Minnesota's north country. "They were impressed," he declared. "As one, R. P. Hunter of Connecticut, put it: 'All men are created equal—if they come to Minnesota.' The remark was prompted by the sight of a flock of mallards and teal in a small pond two miles from the city limits."

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EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

Russia's Food Crisis

IN HIS election address on February 9 Premier Stalin brought great cheer to the Russian people by his promise that "in the very near future the rationing system will be abolished." Two months ago fulfilment of this promise still seemed possible, and Mr. del Vayo, writing from Moscow in early August, reported in these pages a radio announcement of the end of bread rationing in the fall. But on August 28 a Moscow broadcast stated that "in view of drought in a number of regions and the diminishing of state food reserves," rationing would continue into 1947.

A few weeks later publication of a government decree ordering action to check the violation of statutes governing collective farms suggested that the disappointing harvest was not due solely to weather conditions. Among the abuses to which the decree called attention were the undue expansion of administrative staffs and the resultant swollen overhead costs, the neglect of democratic procedures, including the failure to call regular general meetings of farmers, and the alienation of collective land and other property. Restoration of statutory democratic meetings for the discussion of collective farm affairs was ordered, and local Communist Party committees and local Soviets were forbidden to appoint or dismiss farm chairmen against the will of such meetings.

No doubt this provision is intended to mollify resentments aroused by party bosses and rural bureaucrats. But if, as a result, the peasants really do gain a greater voice in the management of the collectives, they can hardly be expected to cooperate enthusiastically in carrying out that section of the decree which aims at preventing the alienation of collective property. For since the outbreak of the war the peasant has had many incentives to enlarge his personal plot of land and to cultivate it intensively even if that meant neglecting his collective duties.

It was after the 1933 famine that the collective-farm system was first modified to permit each member an individual landholding in addition to his share of the collective property. These plots were supposed to be limited to a half hectare, about one and a quarter acres, but in the course of time many peasants succeeded in increasing their areas to an extent that made possible the production of a surplus for the market after satisfaction of their own needs. In an effort to check this tendency new rules were introduced limiting the number of privately owned animals and increasing the required minimum of labor time devoted to the collective.

I do not know whether these rules were relaxed during the war, but the situation in any case put a premium on evasion. The food-distribution system provided for the sale of subsistence rations when available at comparatively low prices in the government stores. To supplement the meager diet thus provided, those Russians who had either spare rubles or goods with barter value patronized the free markets, where prices were set by supply and demand. These markets were perfectly legal; in fact, the peasants were encouraged to bring in their surplus produce. With a dozen eggs or a pound of honey salable for a fistful of rubles, many of them have been able to acquire paper fortunes.

Given such incentives it is not surprising that many peasants have been tempted both to stretch the boundaries of their private plots and to devote to them as much of their working time as possible. Moreover, in the vast and fertile lands devastated during the war the reorganization of collectives has been subject to severe handicaps. Their farm machinery and livestock were largely destroyed in the fighting or by the Germans, and so far only a fraction of both has been replaced. "The tractor," as the London *Economist* of March 16, 1946, put it, "is the unifying technical factor in collective farming, just as the horse represents the classical source of power for the small individual farmer. Where both—the horse and the tractor—are lacking, any form of farming, whether collective or individual, must decay. At present, members of collective farms are trying to work their own private plots as best they can, without bothering too much about the collective fields."

Naturally, the Soviet government is combating this tendency, for, apart from the principle at stake, it cannot rely on individualistic farming to supply the surplus of commodities it needs to carry out its industrial plans. Yet while machinery and fertilizers are lacking, propaganda and purges cannot do much to improve the morale of the collectives. One step, however, appears to have been taken to lessen the attractiveness of private cultivation and increase the rewards of collective labor. A Moscow dispatch in the New York *Times* of September 20 reports a drastic increase in the prices of rationed foods, accompanied by considerable price cuts in the "commercial stores." These state-owned stores, where goods can be bought without ration cards, set a price standard for the peasant markets. The net effect of this apparently contradictory move, therefore, will be to increase the revenues of the collectives, owing to the higher prices charged for the staples of mass consumption, while lowering the profits of private production. It should thus make possible increased compensation per unit of labor time given to the collectives and help to persuade the peasant to devote less effort to his private holding.

But this concession to the peasants must mean a sharp increase in the cost of living for urban workers, most of whom will find little compensation for the higher prices of rationed goods in the reduced quotations of the free markets. The price of black bread, for instance, has been advanced from 1 to 3.40 rubles per kilogram, meat from 14 to 34 rubles, butter from 24 and 28 to 60, sugar from 5 and 6 to 60 and 70. Set these prices against a wage of 300 to 350 rubles a month, which John Fischer, writing in the current *Harper's*, estimates as the average in the Ukraine, and it will be realized that few workers will be left with a margin for purchases of non-rationed goods at still higher prices.

These developments, which indicate a very tight food situation in the U. S. S. R., certainly afford support to the theory that Russia's bad external manners reflect internal strains and stresses. They also suggest that it would be good policy for us to temper our "toughness" by an effort to relieve these stresses.

KEITH HUTCHISON

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BOOKS and the ARTS

The Poetry of Reason

WILLIAM BLAKE: THE POLITICS OF VISION. By Mark Schorer. Henry Holt and Company. $5.

WILLIAM BLAKE has been all things to all critics: an idiot or madman to some of his contemporaries, an immoralist to Swinburne, a symbolist to Yeats, a mystic to Foster Damon, a visionary to Helen C. White, a cabbalist to Denis Saurat, a Christian Socialist practicing resignation to J. Middleton Murry, a proto-surrealist to Herbert Read, a Marxist emancipated from the schematics of Marxism to Jacob Bronowski, whose "Man Without a Mask" (1944) is relentless, or even inspired, in its socio-economic approach. Now Mark Schorer in the most comprehensive discussion of Blake yet to appear has seen him as he must be seen, as a poet of the later revolutionary eighteenth century within "a particular tradition, in a particular period of history." Schorer so liberally considers the function of myth in poetry and the psychological implications of Blake's will to integrate personality that one is liable to underestimate his final and authoritative distinction of interpreting Blake's vision as politics of the Enlightenment. Inevitably someone was to see that Blake "took the most basic assumptions" of revolutionary rationalism and transvalued them into an ethic of the imperative right of the individual to his own consummation.

Proverbially, the Enlightenment is without poetry. Tom Paine was very clear that "the composition of poetry differs from that of prose in the manner of mixing long and short syllables together"—and Blake was Paine's friend. Even Schorer, like Damon and the others, intimates that the ecstasies of Blake redeemed the eighteenth century from poetic decadence. Not exactly. By Schorer's own heavy evidence Blake is the *fulfilment* of the Enlightenment in its most rational and abstract vision. Although he has infallibly situated Blake within the Industrial and French revolutions and all the traditions of deism and dissent, Schorer may not sufficiently trust the Enlightenment itself. The best of Blake—The Marriage of Heaven and Hell, and his terrible poems on the chartered streets of London—is the lyric of Enlightenment. With Voltaire, Blake exclaims, *Ecrasez l'infâme:*

> I wander thro' each charter'd street,
> Near where the charter'd Thames does flow,
> And mark in every face I meet
> Marks of weakness, marks of woe.
>
> In every cry of every Man,
> In every Infant's cry of fear,
> In every voice, in every ban,
> The mind-forg'd manacles I hear.
>
> How the Chimney-sweeper's cry
> Every black'ning Church appalls;
> And the hapless Soldier's sigh
> Runs in blood down Palace walls.
>
> But most thro' midnight streets I hear
> How the youthful Harlot's curse
> Blasts the new born Infant's tear,
> And blights with plagues the Marriage hearse.

Blake supposed that he had cast off Rational Demonstration, the mechanics of the deist, and Newton's sleep; yet he was the poet, the only poet, of the *philosophes*, and he, not Wordsworth, knew Reason in her most exalted mood with all the fierceness of his imagination—"the divine body in every man." His failures, like those of the Encyclopedists, occur when his logic is least furious, least illumined; then he resorts to the rhetoric of occultism, in the Jerusalem, for example. Like the Encyclopedists, too, Blake "refused to admit the cleavage between knowledge and belief," for vision is both.

Schorer is rigorously correct in discriminating between the vision of Blake and the vision of the mystic or of Shelley, the so-called Platonist. The vision of Blake is the vision of Jefferson heightened, the Cartesian vision inflamed, the vision of those "reasoners" who founded their heavenly city on the principle that men are created free and equal—a principle that cannot be demonstrated historically, sociologically, psychologically, or theologically, but a principle apocalyptically vivid to the *esprit de géométrie,* to the Jacobin. This sort of abstraction moved Condorcet to tears. Schorer complains that Blake wavered: "Either he insisted that the life of vision alone was real, or he argued—more frequently—that the life of vision made matter real." To the eighteenth-century mind this is no dilemma: in one of his letters Blake writes, "Dear Sir, excuse my enthusiasm or rather madness, for I am really drunk with intellectual vision whenever I take a pencil or graver into my hand." The tear, to Blake, was an intellectual thing.

The very clarities of the Enlightenment reduced myth to rhetoric until Blake becomes "a religious poet who is without either a theology or a proper God." For Voltaire, for Godwin, for Blake a thought is an experience that does *not* terminate in the senses. Consequently Blake's poetry is not, as has been claimed, metaphysical. Deprived as he was of myth and ritual, Blake created a system, a dialectic of opposites and contraries, resolved, poetically at least, by a device of thematic statement and return like that in "Tyger! Tyger! burning bright." In spite of the "proliferation" of obscure symbols in the later poems, the simplicity of balance, the equations and correspondences (Urizen-Luvah, etc.), amount to a tyranny of concept. Therein is Blake's difference from Yeats, who is not a rationalist, or from Shelley, whose concepts—unless we except The Mask of Anarchy—are forever at the mercy of his passions. Shelley's is a false intellectual beauty, a harmony more tumultuous than Blake's. The intellectual beauty of Blake is that of eighteenth-century written constitutions and the fanatical coherences of the Godwinian system. Schorer has named the basic paradox: Blake "employs abstractions to overcome the concept of the abstract." Blake's

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"revisions" do not detach him from his tradition of revolutionary rationalism. Schorer's exhaustive index has four pages of entries *s.v.* Blake as Thinker.

It is probably unnecessary for Schorer to debate whether Blake dramatized his definitions and symbols. Drama can hardly exist in the rarefied abstraction of the Enlightenment; it needs the atmosphere of myth. Blake's vision was of extraordinary intensity, and his symbols were savagely luminous—but they were not drama. An essential *un*humanity is betrayed in his conceptualism of symbol (after all, the eighteenth-century verse is filled with personification). Even in a poem like The French Revolution, which moves very close to the actualities in Paris, Blake identifies himself with the age of Gibbon when he discerns a profane theorem being illustrated within local circumstances. Blake views the Revolution not tragically but chorally, with specters of religious men weeping, driven from their abbeys "by the fiery cloud of Voltaire." This is the "detachment" of enlightened history; it is not dramatic.

As poet, Blake translated the specifically eighteenth-century problem of political tyranny to social and, ultimately, to psychological terms. His opposition to the *ancien régime*, prerogative, law, and inequality appears not only in The French Revolution and in America but also in poems on chimney sweeps and at last in The Four Zoas with their creed of the integrity of the individual, soul and body, and their law of the free will of the psyche at harmony within itself. Blake's most raging political and religious insights—always identical among the Encyclopedists—are a hatred of divisions "in individual psychology, in social institutions, in national interests and conflicts, in the physical and moral structure of the universe." As Schorer puts it, "Godwinism becomes wisdom." The psychology of Locke, Hartley, and Hume is transposed into Blake's intuition that cleavage means neurosis, and that man must emancipate himself from convention. Now opens another deep paradox in Blake, the rebel angel, whose vision is at once political and anarchist. The impasse was that of "democrats" like Holbach and the other atomistic individualists who professed a brotherhood of man. Energy, said Blake, is eternal delight—which amounts to spiritual laissez faire.

If energy is delight and if "Active Evil is better than Passive Good," then Blake faces the issue of the naked Will, of the Right as a mere Negation and pity as a fraud. Again and again Schorer quotes Blake's proverb that seems to foreshadow Nietzsche and the superman, a slave morality and a master morality: "One law for the lion and ox is oppression." But Blake's assertion is not really Nietzschean; it is a rational diabolism. There is no appeal to biological struggle or survival—to progress, yes; but not to evolution or vitalism. The obsession is that of the concept, not of blood, history, or nature. Blake lacks entirely the organic sensibility of Wordsworth, who found in nature the nurse, the guide, the guardian of his heart, and soul of all his moral being. This organic sensibility, which Wordsworth assumed necessary to the poet, reappeared, monstrously, in later transcendentalism, when Carlyle, for example, addressed "this ever-living Universe" with his desperate query, "Ha! why do I not call thee God?" Blake once told Crabb Robinson that reading Wordsworth had given him a dysentery. One speculates what might have been his affliction had he read Carlyle, Nietzsche, or D. H. Lawrence.

Blake is no natural-supernaturalist, transcendentalist, or "romantic" but the most intensely visionary of rationalists. "Are not," he asks, "religion and politics the same thing?" This is the profoundly "enlightened" question of all revolutionists who like Blake would build Jerusalem in green and pleasant lands.

WYLIE SYPHER

"Gerty" and the G. I.'s

BREWSIE AND WILLIE. By Gertrude Stein. Random House. $2.

THE chief thing Gertrude Stein tried to do was to write as if she had kept her innocence. Everything had to be seen simply and sharply, as a new thing and a wonder. If the vision was direct enough, it did not matter whether it was profound: she was not trying to make progress. That is why she could write so much that was nonsense and so much that was banal (". . . the girls tend to be tall, taller than they used to be but not the boys not taller than they used to be, I suppose there is a physical reason for this, I do suppose so") and still be a fine artist.

She had to leave America, where the pressures of middle-class earnestness were too strong; she had to work very hard with the language, and cultivate her egotism to follow her own way strictly, shutting out many of the important intellectual currents of her time that meant much to others but had nothing to do with her purpose—so that when she was successful she could write like a twelve-year-old girl full of intelligent and sensitive curiosity and very brilliant, more brilliant than any girl ever was at twelve. (Twelve is about right, I think: all the essential knowledge has been gained, but the adult world of sex and misfortune and ideas is still part mystery and part stupidity.)

Her relations with the people of the United States were not quite like those of any other bohemian expatriate. She aroused considerable irritation—you are not supposed to go and live your own life in France while the rest of us must stick it out with the Book-of-the-Month Club and the American Labor Party—but in the end hundreds of American soldiers who had never read her books sought her out in France and called her "Gerty" and found her a great old girl. For her part, though she could not live in America she was always very seriously concerned with America and with being American, and she was certainly very happy to see the soldiers and to find that they had heard of her.

"Brewsie and Willie" is the result of that curious lovers' meeting between her and the American soldiers after the invasion of France. She formed a very high opinion of the soldiers—they were sure of themselves, she wrote in "Wars I Have Seen," no longer provincial as they were in the last war—and in "Brewsie and Willie" she tried to set down what they were like and what she herself had to say to them, in a number of conversations among soldiers, and to her countrymen in general.

Her private world here got mixed up with our public world, and it is fair to say of "Brewsie and Willie" what it would not have been fair to say of the more personal "Wars

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I Have Seen": that she did not look deep enough or think hard enough.

Her soldiers are very real in the things that concern them —jobs, morals, security, the threatening future—and in the way they talk, outwardly relaxed and inwardly worried, fumbling earnestly for answers, painfully conscious of their own inadequacies. ("Listen, said Brewsie, you see, said Brewsie, you see I don't think we think, if we thought we could not articulate the same, we couldn't have Gallup polls and have everybody answer yes or no, if you think it's more complicated than that . . . thinking is funnier and more mixed than that . . . oh Willie, I get so worried, I know it is just the most dangerous moment in our history, in a kind of a way as dangerous more dangerous than the Civil War. . . .") But their decency is too pure, and they are more honest in their thinking and more childlike in their attitudes than most Americans really are; she saw that they sucked candy and tried hard to get things straight in their minds, but she did not see how knowing and cynical they could be also, and how acquisitive and cruel. She endowed them with her own innocence—but Gertrude Stein's innocence was a literary method for the creation of Gertrude Stein's world, and in giving her innocence to the soldiers, whom she had made quite recognizable and *public,* she was patronizing them and distorting them. "G. I.'s and G. I.'s and G. I.'s and they have made me come all over patriotic"—she fell in love, and she allowed herself to be taken in by the myth of a special American decency and good-heartedness.

And there is her final message to Americans at this "most dangerous moment in our history": Don't exhaust the country's raw materials. Learn to be individuals. Find out why there was a depression. Worry hard and think hard. This is sound advice—except that the raw materials seem to have preyed upon her mind unduly—but I hope it is not merely ill-natured to say that it doesn't help much. It was the price of Gertrude Stein's art that she paid too little attention to the serious preoccupations of her time; in politics she was stupid and uninformed—she could apologize for Pétain like any good-natured and unintelligent *bourgeoise.*

The funniest thing is that in reading "Brewsie and Willie" one even feels a twinge of that unreasonable philistine irritation she aroused so often when she deserved it less. For she has escaped again; worry and think, she said, and then died, expatriating herself so effectively this time that we cannot hope to reach her with our murmur: yes, that's what we *have* been doing, worrying and thinking.

ROBERT S. WARSHOW

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Wallace in Siberia

SOVIET ASIA MISSION. By Henry A. Wallace. Reynal and Hitchcock. $3.

TWO topflight Americans, both with the blessing of F. D. R., roamed the wilds of Arctic Siberia. Henry Wallace's report, "Soviet Asia Mission," challenges comparison with Wendell Willkie's "One World." There is a thoroughly American tang in both men—shrewd, kindly, energetic fighters for righteousness, not bothering over much about ideologies: "I don't know where I am going, but I'm on my way." "One World" is the more readable book, but not because, as Major Cheremisov unkindly suggested, the theme song of the Willkie trip was *Vodka, Vodka, Vodka* and that of the Wallace raid *Kipicheonia, Kipicheonia* (boiled water). While Willkie was—not offensively—egocentric, Wallace is self-effacing. His book is a synthetic product in which a dozen men had a share. They are a remarkable team, enough for a brain trust. But the writing of books is like the culinary art: too many cooks. . . .

I never could understand the aversion of many sensible, God-fearing Americans for Henry Wallace. He is no crackpot, but eminently sane. The agricultural part of his report should be very valuable. There are areas, like the Caribbean and the "permafrosted" North, which have physical unity. Men in such natural regions should swap information, exchange seeds, compare breeds, in the way of neighborly farmers. Incidentally, this pooling of interests across political lines would be a great help to peace. Men who realize they have to fight the treacherous muskeg will be less inclined to fight one another.

Wallace, a sane, progressive, hard-working man, found sane, progressive, hard-working men in Soviet Asia, and liked them. He discovered with delight that their Northeast and our Northwest actually met. This takes some of the glamour out of Siberia, the mysterious and terrible, the House of the Dead, the haunts of Gods, Beasts, and Men. Parts of Siberia are every bit as good as Nebraska, and, God willing, they may some day rival Minnesota. Alma Ata, the strange and remote, is "the Hollywood of Central Asia."

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H. G. WELLS
1866-1946

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J. B. PRIESTLEY

At the cremation, London, August 16, 1946

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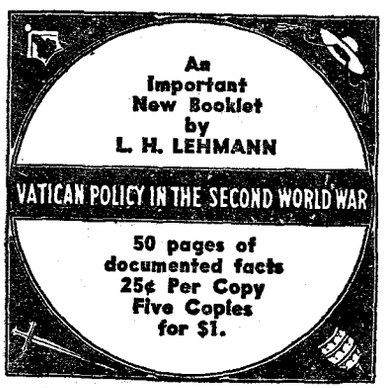

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With most of Wallace's conclusions we all agree. The air age, as Victor Hugo prophesied, has made national frontiers ridiculous. There must be, there can be, understanding between the U. S. S. R. and ourselves; to foster distrust and hatred is a crime. Wallace yields a little to the nefarious Big Two fallacy. The very idea of bigness posits power politics, and power politics means war. He believes Europe is through, and has another guess coming: Europe west of the Curzon Line outnumbers the U. S. A. and the U. S. S. R. combined, is not inferior to either in technical skill, and will not forever remain balkanized. He exaggerates the importance of the Pacific: when the Far East has been industrially equipped it will no longer need us. We could conceive of free trade and free migration with Europe, not with Asia. He speaks of the four great cultures—the Anglo-Saxon, the Latin, the Chinese, and the Soviet Russian—ignoring Germany, India, and Islam. He does not realize that he is giving offense, for he is the kindest of men: in this again the "typical" American, as American as corn. But his limitations are only of the moment. They will recede as he progresses, for they are not in his nature. He has an open heart and an open mind.

ALBERT GUÉRARD

The Man Who Came to Dinner

DINNER AT THE WHITE HOUSE. By Louis Adamic. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

A MOTLEY production, this. The title is misleading, although the book does begin with the detailed description of an evening—January 13, 1942—that Mr. Adamic and his wife spent at the White House. "Dinner at the White House" contains or is concerned with all of the following items (but none of them is its center): what went on in Roosevelt's mind from 1942 until his death; Churchill, the arch-imperialist; the effect on President and Mrs. Roosevelt, Churchill, other people, and American policy of Mr. Adamic's book "Two-Way Passage"; some of the political ideas and observations and anxieties that disturbed or motivated Mr. Adamic during the period 1942-45; the Churchill-Roosevelt relationship; Mr. Adamic's view of the future—that there will be one world or none; an unfinished estimation of Roosevelt, Man and Statesman; Mr. Adamic's notion of the conflict between good and evil in the American character; and kindred minor subjects—such as Mrs. Roosevelt's goodness, Mr. Adamic's trouble with the Dies committee, conversations with Willkie, and so on. Mr. Adamic himself (1942-46) seems to be the only cohesive principle in the book—with the addition, perhaps, of his relation to Roosevelt as dinner host and world historical principle.

Even though much of the political thinking in the book is presented in diary form, and thus is quite dated, "Dinner at the White House" should interest a great many people and have a good sale. For the book has a certain value when viewed as a newspaper-like story of one author's various political experiences during the last four or five years. A reader who identifies himself with the author may be quite interested—after all, Mr. Adamic did have dinner at the White House, he did have conversations with Willkie, and so on—but he will not be very much enlightened politically. That is because Mr. Adamic's political thinking is often inconsistent, often inconclusive, and *very* often rhetorical.

For example, he speculates more about what was going on in Roosevelt's mind than about events occurring in the world at large. This can be justified only on the premise that Roosevelt's mind was the focal point of history. But of course Mr. Adamic does not stick to this premise: it is obvious, even to the man who attempts the feat, that the entire history of a period cannot be crammed into the arena of one man's mind —even the mind of "*that* man." The fate of the hero is not a substitute for history, but merely a minute segment of it. And what goes on in the hero's mind is only a small part of his fate. But, as we know, there are very strong reasons for personalizing the processes of nature and history.

The book will be of some interest to those individuals engaged in observing the ineptitude of the modern mind when confronted with modern experience.

DAVID T. BAZELON

FICTION IN REVIEW

IN SO far as Nelson Gidding's "End over End" (Viking, $2.50) stays with its main job of recording the circumstances of an American flier shot down and captured by the Germans in Italy and kept in solitary confinement in the hope that he will give his captors useful military information, it tells an interesting story. Like his hero, Dale Stribling, Mr. Gidding was himself a flier and a prisoner of war; certainly his account of Stribling's prison experience has this ring of authenticity. But although there is no doubt that a similar autobiographical accuracy operates through the rest of Mr. Gidding's novel, it does not give it a similar substance. Unlike the prison scenes, the flashbacks to Stribling's life before the war swing no natural or contrived dramatic weight. Indeed, in their closeness to their source in Mr. Gidding's own experience they seem only egotistical—an inflation, by means of pretentious prose, of lamentably thin material. Thus we learn that the captive flier was once a child, that he had a mother and father, that his mother and father were divorced, that he belonged to a serious literary group at preparatory school, that he thought as his whole generation thought about the possibility of another war, that he was a helluva guy for a girl to love, that he loved a girl named Barbara, that Barbara was pleased that he smoked cigars—in short, that nothing very interesting ever happened to him before he was shot down by the Germans; or rather, that many things happened to him which are undoubtedly important to himself, but which are made of only small importance to the reader. In common with so many young novelists, Mr. Gidding has made the mistake of supposing that the subjective approach to fiction requires merely the ability to see oneself as a fictional subject—I am, therefore I am a novelist.

Like many of his contemporaries, Mr. Gidding also makes the error of confusing the soft and easy associative process with the hard processes of the imagination. His prose suffers from that most wearisome of clichés, the cliché of trying to appear bold and fresh by making a rude distortion of the familiar—"Home was a seventy-seven-layer cake, three miles of white skin above a nylon stocking, a cabin half

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in the sky and half on the beach, a hot-plate that kept your dreams always warm." Surely it is a sad misuse of the stream-of-consciousness method to offer such a poor trickle of consciousness in substitute for the true work of the creative mind.

Perhaps one reason why Waldo Frank's "Island in the Atlantic" (Duell, Sloan, and Pearce, $3) seems such an old-fashioned novel is because, compared to the books of our new novelists, it is so far removed from its author: Mr. Frank is very much out of a narrative which unfolds entirely through the thoughts and actions of its varied characters. But unfortunately it is far removed from us too, and not merely because it deals with the past but because it creates no connecting chords with the present. Writing of old New York between the days of the Civil War draft riots and the First World War, Mr. Frank gives the impression of being himself fixed in that time. His novel has a flavor of antiquarianism that is rare these days even in frankly historical fiction, which usually errs in the direction of viewing all earlier periods only as preparation for or pre-statements of our own.

It is difficult to suggest what would have corrected the remoteness of "Island in the Atlantic." Certainly it would not have been improved by any mechanical effort to make it timely, by any forcing of the relevance of its political or moral content. But one suspects that if the people in Mr. Frank's novel were more significant as individual human beings, that would constitute all the bridge we need between their days and problems and ours. Perhaps it is the elements, so largely unconscious, that make for intensity of fictional characterization that also make a past time live for us in the present.

Christopher LaFarge's "The Sudden Guest" (Coward-McCann, $2.50) is a very nice novel about a self-centered woman's experiences when she finds herself all alone in her country house during a hurricane. As a matter of fact, there are two hurricanes in Mr. LaFarge's story—that of 1938 as well as that of 1944. In the first storm his Miss Leckton had had a houseful of unexpected and much resented company, people taking shelter under as inhospitable a roof as one could find; six years later she weathers the storm alone, the victim of her own egocentricity. The story moves back and forth between the two days of fierce weather, the transitions occasionally a bit awkward but the method very useful in building up a sense of the development of a character through the years.

The most striking thing about Mr. LaFarge's novel—much more impressive, I think, than its implied political parable—is the way in which it reaffirms our pleasure in the story of "plot." Except in detective fiction there are almost no novels these days which hold our attention with mystery and dramatic suspense, which keep us wondering what will happen next. It is a great deprivation—just how great a deprivation we only realize when we read a novel of imagination. But it is not only the drama of developing events that sustains "The Sudden Guest." Mr. LaFarge also knows where to look for the drama of character—in the hidden motives that determine action. His study of human isolation is not a profound psychological exploration but it is a sound one, and presented with restraint and taste. DIANA TRILLING

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Records

B. H. HAGGIN

BACH'S Concerto in D minor, which is on Columbia's September list, is one of the greatest of his instrumental works, with a finale in particular in which the continuing impetus of the unending invention is breath-taking. Also breath-taking is the continuing impetus of Szigeti's matured musical intelligence in the performance of a violin version of the work that Columbia issued several years ago, which I cannot hear without wanting to strangle the unembarrassedly incompetent and conscienceless people who gave it to us with its sound wretchedly distorted on the records. The new set (624; $3.85) offers a less impressive performance by the young pianist Eugene Istomin with the Busch Chamber Players that is also poorly recorded—the loud passages assaulting the ear with the percussive sound of the piano and brash sound of the strings.

Beethoven's String Quintet Opus 29, one of the finest of his early works, is superbly performed by the Budapest Quartet and Milton Katims, viola (Set 623; $4.85). But the recorded sound of the performance, which varies from side to side, is at best cold and at worst shrill and sharp, and worse with the wide-range Brush pickup than with the limited-range Astatic Tru-Tan.

With an excellent and beautifully recorded performance of the Franck Symphony by Beecham and the London Philharmonic in its catalogue (to say nothing of the atrocious Mitropoulos version) Columbia has recorded a performance by Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra (Set 608; $5.85). In his unintentionally amusing foreword to Dorian's "History of Music in Performance" Ormandy wrote about "Toscanini and those of us who subscribe to the principles of interpretative loyalty" and who "find . . . a clear-cut expression of our convictions" in Verdi's denunciation of conductors' "creative" meddling with composers' scores and his demand that they perform strictly what the composer has written. But in his performance of Franck's Symphony Ormandy makes innumerable changes of tempo that Franck does not make in his score and that create a work different from the one Franck intended. The recorded sound of the performance is dull.

Schumann's First Symphony is made an even less interesting work than it is by the treatment it gets from Leinsdorf in the performance he recorded with the Cleveland Orchestra (Set 617; $4.85). There is no majesty in the introduction that is marked *maestoso*, no grace in the finale that is marked *grazioso;* the first movement is rattled off perfunctorily; the scherzo movement is ponderous; and altogether the performance is technically precise and musically insensitive. Its recorded sound, which varies from side to side, is dull.

Most of the pieces in Tchaikovsky's "Nutcracker" Suite are performed satisfactorily by Rodzinski with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony (Set 627; $3.85); but the concluding waltz sounds as though he had taken time out for a cigarette and left a metronome to beat time for the orchestra. The recorded sound of the performance is clear and bright; but my copy of the set has some gritty, crackling surfaces.

Usually printers' errors produce things like the "Venus 12H" instead of "Zenith 12H" in my article on phonographs; but once in a while they produce a truth like the statement in the notes of the Maryla Jonas set—that as Mme Jonas began to play, at her famous New York debut, Jerome D. Bohm of the *Herald Tribune* suddenly sat "unright." Mr. Bohm's unrightness about her piano-playing is demonstrated in this set (626; $3.85) by performances most of which range from mannered to exacerbated, with pianissimos that are exaggerated, even though not as bad at microphone-range as they were at Carnegie Hall distance. The music is all Chopin's: on the one hand familiar and attractive pieces like the E-minor Nocturne Opus 72 No. 1, the Mazurkas Opus 30 No. 2, Opus 67 No. 2, and Opus 68 No. 4, the Waltz Opus 70 No. 3; on the other hand the posthumous Nocturne in C sharp minor, the Waltz Opus 70 No. 1, an unidentified Mazurka in B flat, and the Polonaise Opus 71 No. 2, which are rarely performed for reasons that are evident when one hears them now. (Only three Mazurkas are listed on the labels instead of the four that are on the record; and the listings are incorrect: on side 1 are the one in B flat and Opus 68 No. 4, on side 2 are Opus 67 No. 2 and Opus 30 No. 2.) The sound of the piano is reproduced with clarity, but without the rich resonance of the best Victor piano recordings; and the surfaces of my copy are gritty and crackling.

The songs of Rachmaninov that Jennie Tourel has recorded (Set 625; $3.85) I do not care for; but Miss

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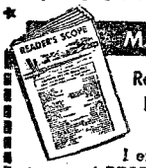

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Tourel sings them very well—though with an occasional excessive tremolo that I don't recall having heard in her singing before. Erich Itor Kahn provides good piano accompaniments which sound dull on the records; and again there are gritty, crackling surfaces.

Six dances are played by the Philadelphia Orchestra "Pops" (Set 588; $3.85): the Sailors' Dance from Glière's "Red Poppy" and Fernandez's Batuque" under the direction of Saul Caston; the Dance of the Comedians from Smetana's "Bartered Bride," Dvorak's Slavonic Dance No. 10, Brahms's Hungarian Dance No. 5, and Johann Strauss's "Wine, Woman, and Song" Waltz under the direction of Ormandy. The performances are good; and their sound is well reproduced.

On a single record (12372-D; $1) are the engaging Polka and Fugue from Weinbergers "Schwanda," well performed by the Philadelphia Orchestra under Ormandy, and also well reproduced. Ezio Pinza's enunciation of the words of "Deep River," on another single (17383-D; $.75), makes his singing of it a mistake.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

An Englishman on Wallace

Dear Sirs: Some of us over here, reading the speech of Henry Wallace, feel like saying, "Thank God!" If this man, who has now been three times thrown, stands up higher than ever, he may be the hope of all those, in several countries, who adhere to principles instead of labels. We do not say, "My country, right or wrong," but "Where is right, there is my country."

H. T. LOWE-PORTER

London, September 19

America and China

Dear Sirs: The American people can decide whether or not China is to suffer a devastating civil war. Shooting has already started. Whether it continues depends almost entirely upon you. If it does, you will be a participant.

This civil war will be fought in China, the country of your faithful and admiring ally. It will be the Chinese people who will be killed, Chinese towns and farms which will be destroyed, and Chinese ideals and hopes which will be suppressed.

International trade will suffer; economic development will be discouraged. Under such conditions there will be no market for American goods. The world trade-union movement will be deprived of a strong, united Chinese labor movement. Science, culture, and education will be stifled. In other words, China will not be a desirable ally for the United States.

We understand that the United States intends to aid the Chinese people in the reconstruction of their country. We learn that the United States is prepared to take the following steps: (1) grant extensive loans to China, (2) continue lend-lease, (3) sell surplus war properties, (4) maintain the United States marines and navy in China, (5) support the American military mission in China. Naturally we are grateful for the generosity of the American people. But such aid at this time arouses our fear.

You are hardly responsible for the causes of civil war in China. The Chinese people are fully aware of their own responsibilities. But on the other hand, the Chinese people cannot accept responsibility for the American contributions to the civil war. The Chinese people have received General Marshall with respect and friendliness. They accept his recommendations with hope and anticipation. They appreciate the fact that his efforts last January brought China closer to peace and democracy than anyone could have expected at that time. However, in the past six months, General Marshall's excellent contributions have been deliberately and systematically sabotaged by the forces of reaction. These elements do not care whether they plunge the Chinese people into civil war as long as they can continue to terrorize and exploit them. They are monsters who would rather destroy their country than abide by the wishes of the people. These forces of reaction are against democracy not only in China but also in the United States and the Soviet Union.

These forces of reaction now hold positions of leadership in the National Government. Already they have abandoned Dr. Sun Yat-sen's "Three People's Principles" in favor of fascist activities. Today they ban newspapers and arrest students. They are leading private business into bankruptcy.

The United States apparently intends to issue this aid to the Chinese people through the National Government, which is permeated with the forces of reaction. Under such circumstances, we can hardly welcome this aid, for we know that it will be used to continue and enlarge the civil war. China needs aid for reconstruction, but any aid given to the National Government at this time will be aid for destruction. We feel that your contributions, intended to promote peace and democracy, will merely encourage fascism and war.

In other words, your lend-lease, loans, surplus property, marines, and military mission will lead China into a prolonged state of civil war, for the Chinese people will relentlessly fight for the termination of fascism in their country.

The forces of reaction cannot wage war without outside assistance. Lacking this assistance, they will be defeated. Hence, they have turned to the United States for contributions to their war chest. They have manufactured myths to deceive the American people into extending aid to China.

We believe in the sovereignty of the people. This explains why we address our appeal directly to the American people. The American government will not

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do what you forbid. We ask you to forbid your government to destroy our chance for peace and democracy and for maintaining cordial and useful diplomatic, economic, and cultural relations with you.

SIGNED BY FORTY-SEVEN CHINESE EDITORS, PROFESSORS, LAWYERS, AND BUSINESS MEN

Shanghai

A Lack of Facts?

Dear Sirs: I read with interest the Report from Moscow, by J. Alvarez del Vayo (*The Nation,* August 17), and I was struck by the absence of factual information. This lack is best illustrated by his answer to the comment, "But you are implying that there is such a thing as public opinion in Russia." All he has to say is, "Yes, there is," and he explains that "it does not express itself in the same way as in Western countries. For emphasis he repeats, "But it exists and the Kremlin has many channels for sounding it."

This reader finds it strange indeed that Del Vayo dismisses this important subject—public opinion, the very substance of freedom—with a mere "yes, there is," expecting that, contrary to all other reports, trusting souls will accept, as so many things are accepted about Russia by true believers, his unsupported statement.

How does public opinion express itself in Russia? That is left unexplained. The Kremlin seems to have some mysterious method whereby public opinion is channeled into it.

Facts are wanted.

BENJAMIN BLATTNER

San Francisco, September 10

An Author Protests

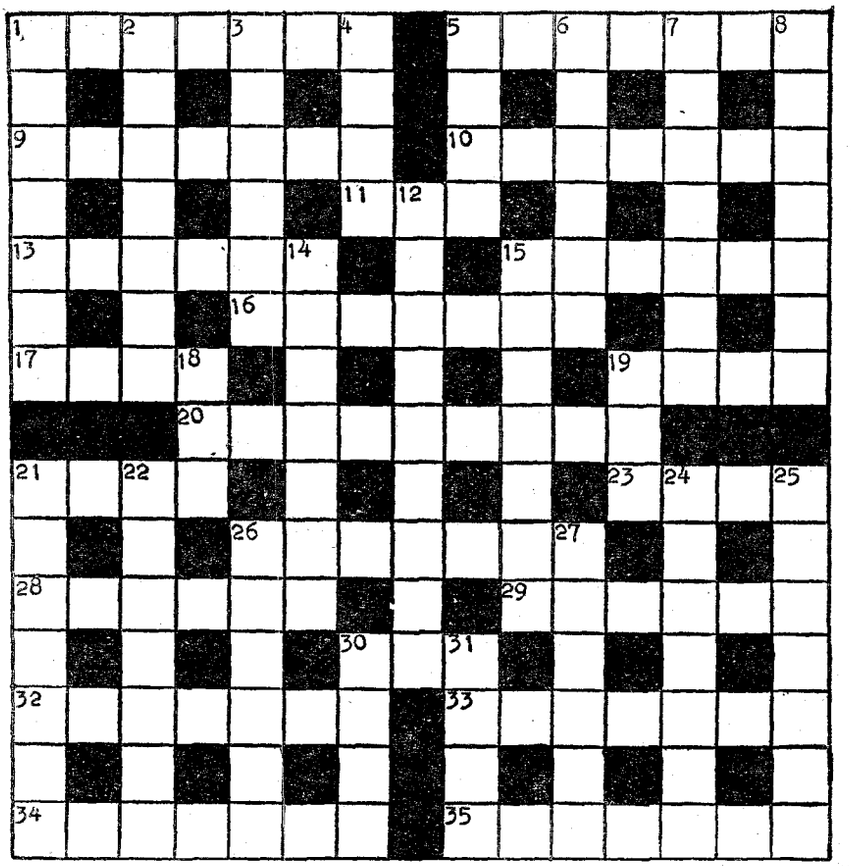
Dear Sirs: The Nation of June 1, with Mark Starr's review of my book on labor conditions in Great Britain, has reached me only now. As he tries to make me out to be some kind of impostor in retrospect, would you be kind enough to print the following rejoinder:

Mr. Starr says: "On the title page he is listed as 'formerly statistician, American Federation of Labor.' Actually Mr. Kuczynski . . . worked with the A. F. of L. as a part-time volunteer, and was employed for a short time as a paid worker."

The truth is that I never worked as part-time volunteer but was a full-time paid worker of the A. F. of L. in 1927 and 1928.

Crossword Puzzle No. 181

By JACK BARRETT



ACROSS

1 Not found shampooing their "nuts"
5 Duck
9 "Event"ful day of the month
10 Oldest of wind instruments
11 A chuckle
13 Embellish with trimming
15 Mostly the blemish that seems to frustrate Cromwell
16 Lock-keeper
17 American blokes
19 Other
20 Bites bit by bit?
21 Fool's gold
23 "What is ----? No matter. What is matter? Never ----?"
26 Flexibility
28 Seldom
29 Protects part of the head from frostbite
30 Weary
32 An accommodating person
33 Enormous
34 Sinatra turns mechanic
35 Carriages with a fringe on top

DOWN

1 Domestic bunting
2 Looks a fairly economical form of sausage
3 Chamberlain in the East
4 Foreign part of a foreign capital
5 Going out? Not I
6 It was "may" in Bacon's day
7 Italian painter (1483-1520)
8 Raise to the peerage?
12 What the equestrian likes to sit on
14 With avidity
15 Masculine name—formerly Latin, now Irish
18 Spring from a serpent
19 Shade tree
21 "He cometh not," she said
22 Fruit that is mostly dog and insect
24 Pleasing perfume
25 The Plow, ladles and water-ouzels all are
26 Staple crockery
27 Wail and whine
30 Heaviest pig
31 In which "four lips become one silent mouth"

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 180

ACROSS:—1 MIMIC; 4 GUT; 6 WESER; 9 GENERAL; 10 MISERLY; 11 LIMBER; 13 CAREENED; 15 LIGHTER; 16 CANDID; 17 OSLO; 19 ADORNED; 21 LAMB; 23 RIPPLE; 25 BEADLES; 27 CANOODLE; 28 STRICT; 31 IMAGINE; 32 WRINKLE; 33 AWARE; 34 SUN; 35 TWEED.

DOWN:—1 MOGUL; 2 MANXMAN; 3 CORNELIA; 4 GOLD; 5 TOMCAT; 6 WASTER; 7 SPRINGS; 8 RAYED; 12 RIDDLED; 13 CHARADE; 14 REVERES; 16 COL; 18 OWE; 20 DISTRICT; 22 MONTANA; 24 PRICKLE; 25 BOVINE; 26 ALLEYS; 27 CHINA; 29 TREAD; 30 TWIN.

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Mr. Starr says: "When his work was more carefully supervised, Mr. Kuczynski left."

The truth is that I left in order to write for the Brookings Institution a study of employment statistics before returning to Europe, and that the Federation asked me to continue to serve as a paid adviser on research work as long as I stayed in the United States, which I gladly did.

Mr. Starr says that I "drew the conclusion that the workers are better off during a depression than during a boom."

The truth is that I never concluded any such utter nonsense but simply showed how relative or social wages and real wages moved, within the trade cycle, in opposite directions, a phenomenon already explained a hundred years ago by Marx.

If any of your readers should draw any conclusions from these misstatements by Mr. Starr as to the validity of the rest of the review I would be only too happy. JUERGEN KUCZYNSKI

Berlin, July 22

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., required by the acts of Congress of August 24, 1912, and March 3, 1933, of The Nation, published weekly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1946.

STATE OF NEW YORK } SS.
COUNTY OF NEW YORK }

Before me a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Hugo Van Arx, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of The Nation, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are:

Publisher, The Nation Associates, Inc., 20 Vesey Street, New York 7, N. Y.

Editor, Freda Kirchwey, 20 Vesey Street, New York 7, N. Y.

Managing Editor, J. King Gordon, 20 Vesey Street, New York 7, N. Y.

Business Manager, Hugo Van Arx, 20 Vesey Street, New York 7, N. Y.

2. That the owners are:
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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also the said two paragraphs contain statements, embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is 42,157.

HUGO VAN ARX,
Signature of Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 19th day of September, 1946.

[SEAL]

TERESITA GRANT,
Notary Public, Kings Co. No. 612
New York Co. Clerk's No. 411

My commission expires March 30, 1947.

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